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MAGAZINE OF THE

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SOUND OFF

Edited by
Sgt. Harry Polete

CREDIT WHERE DUE

Sirs:

It is not my intention to detract from the record of achievement of the Seabees during the last war, but wishing to bestow credit where credit belongs, I must point out that the "flail" tank pictured on page 6 of your March issue was designed by Gunnery Sergeant Samuel D. Johnston and Staff Sergeant Shaw of the Fourth Tank Battalion. It is one of two constructed by the maintenance men of that battalion with some welding assistance from Maui-based Seabees.

These "flail" tanks did not contain any means of setting up a magnetic field, as stated in the caption.

Although the "flails" performed in an excellent manner during tests conducted at the Fourth Tank Battalion Service Park on Maui, T. H., neither of them survived the Dog Day artillery and mortar barrages which they encountered on Iwo Jima.

R. K. Schmidt, LtCol., USMC
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

ARMY FIELD SCARFS

Sirs:

In your answer to Grimes and Mangine of Swamp Lagoon (Camp Lejeune) in this month's issue you could have elaborated a little more about the field scarf question, couldn't you?

The way I heard it was—when the Army changed from the choke collars they couldn't find anyone who could make the ends come out even and they were just about to go back to the old style uniforms when a colonel made a star and the Legion of Merit for the brilliant suggestion of tucking it in. I'd be willing to bet you could "field-strip" the scarfs (or is it "ties" in the Army?) of the first ten doggies you met in D. C. and not more than one would be in the money.

Shobert Adams

Desha, Ark.

TURN PAGE

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TUNE IN
Saturday Nights
N. B. C.
Prince Albert's
"Grand Ole Opry"

SOUND OFF (cont.)

NOT ROCK HAPPY

Sirs:

Don't get the idea that I'm rock happy, or cracked-up, but is it possible for anyone to turn in a rate after he has been promoted? No one here knows, or has heard of anyone who wanted to turn in his rate, so maybe you could get us squared away.

Dutch Harbor Marine
Dutch Harbor, Alaska.

● Back in the days of the "professional privates" a number of the Marines were known to have made it plain that they did not wish to be promoted. But when the CO wanted to make them corporal they more or less had to accept. The only way any of them that we know ever got back to private was via court-martial. But we are sure that anyone who does not want his rate (and can convince his CO of that fact) needn't worry about keeping it—Ed.



WANTS HQ-2-7 PIX

Sirs:

One feature of your magazine that I have missed during past few years is Fred Laswell's excellent cartoons (Hashmark). Is it possible for you to get him to do anymore work for *Leatherneck*?

I wonder how many people remember the name of the record that was played at the beginning of the Fifth Marine's movie at Milne Bay.

I would like to hear from anyone who was in HQ-2-7th Marines in the Peleliu campaign who knows anything about the pictures that were taken of the company. I would like a copy of those pictures...

What troops, if any, occupy Peleliu today, and to what country does it officially belong? I had an argument about it recently and would like to know.

Jay L. Beaumont

1220 Beaconsfield Ave.,
Grosse Pointe 30, Mich.

● Fred Laswell is too busy drawing Snuffy Smith and Barney Google for King Features to take on extra work. The last time we heard about Peleliu there were only Navy personnel there, all Marines having left some months ago, after the surrender of the last Japanese on the island. Peleliu does not officially belong to any country but is a trustee of the United Nations, and controlled by the United States under mandate from that organization.—Ed.

A DUTCH MARINE

Sirs:

In 1945 I was for some months in the USA, but had little chance to make any acquaintances. Now we are often lonely here on posts with some Marines and natives. You can understand that my thoughts frequently return to America. I would like to know your country better.

Therefore I would like to correspond with a real American girl of good breeding. My address is "RNMC, X Inco., 5th Inbat., Mariniers Postkantoor, Soerabaja, Netherlands, East Indies.

S. J. Hameete

Soerabaja, Netherlands,
East Indies.



MC LEAGUE SOUNDS OFF

Sirs:

Having been a subscriber to the *Leatherneck* for quite some time, I have never read an article in Sound Off that so filled me with pity, as did that article in your June issue by an unenlightened EX-infantryman, Robert E. Zieler.

We have, in this great old country of ours, an organization composed entirely of Marines, and that means just what it says, any person who is serving or who has served honorably in the United States Marine Corps. This organization, the Marine Corps League, is the only veteran's organization that is chartered by Congress, and permitted to wear as part of their uniform, that same insignia they so proudly wore while on active duty.

As to remaining Marines, we have a lot of men who served in the Cuban Pacification, Spanish-American War, and in every campaign the Marines were in from thereon down to World War II, who still think of themselves as Marines. They are continually working for the Marine Corps. . . .

And, to answer that "wise-crack" about when a Marine meets Saint Peter, it might be well to inform this "disgruntled dogface" that we of the Marine Corps dispatch the remains of our departed Marines to the Great Beyond with a Marine Corps Ornament placed on his left breast by the officer in charge of the funeral detail. I believe that is about as far as it is possible to go in carrying out the spirit of that slogan which has been used by such men as Generals Lejeune, Butler, Holcomb, Vandegrift, and many others this EX-infantryman would not recognize, were he to read of them.

We repeat that we are proud of the fact that we were given the slogan "Once a Marine, always a Marine," and appreciate the privilege of wearing the same insignia that we wore while on active duty.

C. O. Blasedell, Commandant
Dept. of Mich., Marine Corps
League

Kalamazoo, Mich.

MORE "EX" ARGUMENT

Sirs:

Until reading the June issue of *Leatherneck*, I had been under the impression that there are no intelligent enlisted Marines, nor many intelligent Marines in the officer ranks. But that wonderfully sarcastic letter of Robert E. Zieler really hit the spot. Until I found that he is an ex-Army infantryman I almost began to believe in a Marine Corps intelligentsia.

The letter itself was not open to as much criticism as the Editor's note. To quote . . . "from the day of his enlistment . . . a Marine BELIEVES he is part of the greatest military organization." What else can he believe? From what I understand, he is exposed to nothing else from his enlistment to his discharge. This was really exemplified in a cartoon appearing not so long ago in *Leatherneck* picturing a Marine on guard duty with eyes staring at him from the dark, while the Marine repeated something like, "I am a Marine; I'm not afraid of anything. I'm a Marine . . ."

Since I am ex-Army, on continuous active duty with the Marine Corps Reserve, I am naturally open to much needling, as may be normally expected. But sometimes the Marine Corps fails to realize that there are other branches of the service that may be spoken of in terms other than derisive.

Of course former Marines will stick together! So will former soldiers, sailors and coastguardsmen, as well as civilians who did the same type of work over a period of time. But the Marine Corps in particular, why? Perhaps it is because the Corps is a comparatively small, well-knit organization. They can afford to be intimate and carry on their traditions when they doff their uniforms . . .

The greatest example of Marine Corps pride in recent times is to be found in the recent Reserve recruiting drive . . . You know as well as many of us do, that the Reserve recruiting drive was probably one of the biggest fiascos ever suffered by the Corps. . . .

But I am glad to see that others feel as I do. True, tradition is not to be flouted, but Marines are not gods.

Louis W. Andreatta, USMCR
Brooklyn, New York.

● According to the Armed Forces magazine, the Marine Corps Reserve was at 107 per cent of its budgetary strength on 4 June, 1948, which was much higher than other services' reserve components.—Ed.

CHEERS THE GRAYBEARDS

Sirs:

I would like to add my word of approval and compliment Herbert M. Hart for a well written commendation of the Sea Bees in an earlier issue. Everyone knows the Bees did an excellent job at everything they undertook. Let's hope they are doing as fine as civilians.

Three cheers for the graybeards.

Guam, M.I.

Cpl. T. Dunn

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

"Steady those toes
'til I powder my nose."



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BULLETIN BOARD

Navy unit commendation

- The following unit has been awarded the Navy Unit Commendation for the period indicated: SOUTH PACIFIC COMBAT AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND, consisting of:

Marine Aircraft Group 25

Marine Headquarters Squadron 25

Marine Service Squadron 25

Marine Transport Squadron 152

Marine Transport Squadron 153

Marine Transport Squadron 253

The 403rd Troop Carrier Group U. S. Army

The 801st Evacuation Hospital, Thirteenth Troop Carrier Squadron, U. S. Army.

The award covers the period from 10 December 1942 to 15 July 1944.

All Marine Corps personnel attached to and serving with the above cited unit during the period for which cited are authorized to wear the Navy Unit Commendation Ribbon. Naval personnel on active duty status will not write for authority to wear the Navy Unit Commendation Ribbon from the Bureau of Naval Personnel but will make the request through their present commanding officers. Commanding officers will then review the applicants record book to determine his eligibility and will grant such requests if the record book clearly substantiates the claim.

Voting information

- 1. In addition to the states listed in Navy Department Voting information Bulletins No. 2- 48 and 3- 48, Georgia, Kansas and South Carolina have supplied information for the guidance of personnel in obtaining absence ballots for voting in this years nation-wide election.

2. Abbreviation under "Officials to be elected" are: F-federal, S-state, L-local.

3. Unless otherwise indicated members of the Armed Forces, the Merchant Marine and civilians outside of the U. S. attached to and officially serving with the Armed Forces may apply for absentee ballots for elections in these states by use of the postcard USWBC Form No. 1 or standard Form No. 76, which may be obtained from the commanding officer or voting officer.

4. To vote by state ballot, the applicant must be eligible under the laws of his home state.

5. Additional information concerning the procedure for obtaining absentee voter ballots for both primary and general elections may be obtained by writing direct to the state secretary of state or the local clerk or county clerk of the voters legal residence.

Conserve packing boxes

- All commanding officers are directed to take conservative measures in the use of all types of packing boxes. Due to the extreme difficulty in obtaining lumber used in the manufacture of knock-down boxes and also in view of the fact that the demand for these packing boxes has increased to such a large extent within the past few months, all commanding officers are asked to take all possible measures. Old packing boxes should be re-used when possible and all requisitions should be reduced to the lowest minimum requirements.

BULLETIN BOARD

**First women
Marines will be
picked from
former WRs**

• Women Marines for regular service will be chosen from among the Corps' approximately 19,000 Women Reserves who served during the last war. At present it is understood the Marine Corps does not contemplate enrolling more than 65 officers and 728 enlisted women in the regular service. All screening processes will be held in Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington D. C. and it is anticipated that all applicants will be notified by the end of October whether or not they have been accepted. The recruiting station in your nearest city can supply the necessary extra information.

**Naval occupation
medal now
authorized**

• The Commandant of the Marine Corps has been notified by the Chief of Naval Operations that Naval and Marine personnel serving ashore in Japan, Korea, the Bonin Islands between Sept. 2, 1945, and a future date not yet determined are eligible to wear the Navy Occupation Service Medal. This includes personnel who have served in both a permanent and temporary duty status.

**Staff returns
of discharges**

• When Marines are transferred for discharge and their staff returns are not entrusted to them for delivery to the discharging activity, their staff returns will be forwarded by air mail on the day of physical transfer of the Marine. Mailing containers will include only staff returns of men transferred for discharge and in addition to the regular address will be clearly marked "Separation Staff Returns."

**Academy
appointments
open for
eligible reserves**

• Enlisted members of the organized Reserves who wish to compete for appointments to the United States Naval Academy, are reminded that applications must be submitted prior to 1 October, 1948, to the Chief of Naval Personnel via the commanding officer, the Reserve district director, and the Commandant of the Marine Corps. Men desiring the appointments must meet the following requirements:

1. The applicant must have been with the Organized Marine Reserve one year prior to 1 July of the year in which he is appointed.

2. At least 27 training periods must have been attended by applicant during the one year of duty with the Reserve unit.

3. He must have a good record and be recommended by his commanding officer.

4. He must meet the same requirements, mental and physical, as are required of other candidates for appointment as Midshipmen.

5. He must be a citizen of the United States who is not more than 21 years of age on 1 April of the year he is appointed. If the applicant is a veteran who served honorably for at least one year in the Armed Forces of the United States during World War II, he may be not more than 23 years of age on 1 April of the year of his appointment.

6. He must submit application on Form NavPers 2451. A transcript from his service record book, and a report of physical examination, form Y, in duplicate should be attached.

7. Any man making application for appointment to the Naval Academy who has made false statements as to his age when applying for enlistment, or subsequent thereto, shall be automatically barred from competing for such appointment.

END

Photos by Sgt. William Mellerup

Leatherneck Staff Photographer



Major General Franklin A. Hart (standing) was elected president of the association. General Cates (left) is honorary president

**Five hundred veterans
of a famous Marine
outfit renew friendships
at their first
postwar get-together**



One of the high points of the reunion was a parade through the downtown section of Kansas City, led by General Cates.

The Quantico band and the Washington Marine Barracks' drum and bugle corps drew cheers from the many spectators

By Sgt. Nolle Roberts

Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE first postwar reunion of the Fourth Marine Division was held 8000 miles west of Iwo Jima and three years after its members had lain on a motar-laced beach and muttered with more hope than confidence, "Home Alive in '45."

On June 5, 1948, General Clifton B. Cates stood in an open car in downtown Kansas City, Mo., and reviewed 500 members of his former World War II outfit. The general wore the four stars of the Commandant of the Marine Corps, but most of the "troops" were in civilian clothes.

Many of the men who had dreamed of that big reunion did not live to attend. They are buried in the Marshalls, at Saipan, at Tinian, and Iwo—part of the price paid by the division for victory in four major campaigns.

Thousands of others were unable to be present because of exigencies of the service or civilian occupations. But

traditionally hospitable Kansas City went overboard for those who did attend. Thick steaks, pretty girls, and liquid refreshments, rare items in the wartime Pacific, were available in unlimited quantities. The men who had fought four campaigns in a record 13 months celebrated at the same pace.

Robert K. Ryland, Kansas City political figure and Reserve Marine major, supervised the arrangements. He was assisted by Marine Lieutenant Charles I. Campbell and the officers and men of the 5th 105-mm. Howitzer Battalion, the local Reserve outfit.

The reunion was opened with a business session. Major General Franklin A. Hart, former CO of the Twenty-fourth Marines and later assistant division commander, was elected president of the Fourth Division Association at the business meeting. Gen. Cates, who had served a two year term as president, was elected permanent honorary president.

Other officers elected were: Former Lieutenant Colonel Carlton A. Fisher, first vice president; Sergeant Major

William E. Gardner, second vice president; former Lieutenant Colonel Louis R. Rock, third vice president; Lieutenant Campbell, re-elected secretary; Lieutenant Commander John R. Craven, chaplain; former Sergeant R. K. Sorenson, master-at-arms; and former PFC R. L. Marine, assistant master-at-arms.

One of the high spots of the convention was the parade, reviewed with obvious emotion by Gen. Cates. The big Quantico band, the Washington Marine Barracks' drum and bugle corps, and the Reserve band furnished the music and brought enthusiastic ovations from the thousands of spectators who lined the streets.

At the steak banquet climaxing the reunion, Al Dopkin, press association war correspondent, who covered the Fourth's operations, was the principal speaker.

Kansas City seemed to realize that the Marines had a celebration coming. One humorous but unnecessary provision seemed to exemplify the attitude; the city fathers decreed that over

Division Reunion



The only business session of the division association during the reunion was well attended. Interest was centered around the election of new officers

enthusiastic or incapacitated celebrants would be given a free ride—but only to the Marine armory where the Reserve outfit has its home.

Marines and most of the civilian population will agree that the Fourth had occasion for celebration. Although it arrived "late" in the Pacific—in January of '44—the Fourth Division fought some of the bloodiest battles in the Pacific war.

Officially activated on August 16, 1943, at Camp Pendleton, the division had its real beginning when the Twenty-Third Marines were detached from the Third Division in February of that year. In May of that year, the regiment was divided into two cadres, one of these became the nucleus of the Twenty-Fifth Marines. In March of the same year, the Twenty-Fourth Marines were formed at Camp Pendleton and the three regiments made up the infantry strength of the units.

The Fourteenth Marines (artillery) and the Twentieth Marines (engineers), together with the Division Special

DIVISION REUNION (cont.)

Troops and the Division Service Troops, were added to complete the division.

Intensive training as a unit at Camp Pendleton prepared the division for its assault on the Marshall Islands early in 1944 and three other campaigns which followed.

Members of the Fourth, fighting in the central Pacific, were spared the "malaria belt" experiences and they had the convenience of the Hawaiian Islands as a rest camp between operations.

In casualties, they were less fortunate. A total of 17,722 casualties were suffered by the division in comparison to the total of 17,086 officers and men who sailed from San Diego in January, 1944. The apparent discrepancy may be accounted for by the fact that numerous men were wounded more than once and that many replacements were also casualties.

The Fourth was the first Marine division to be returned to the States and deactivated after the war.

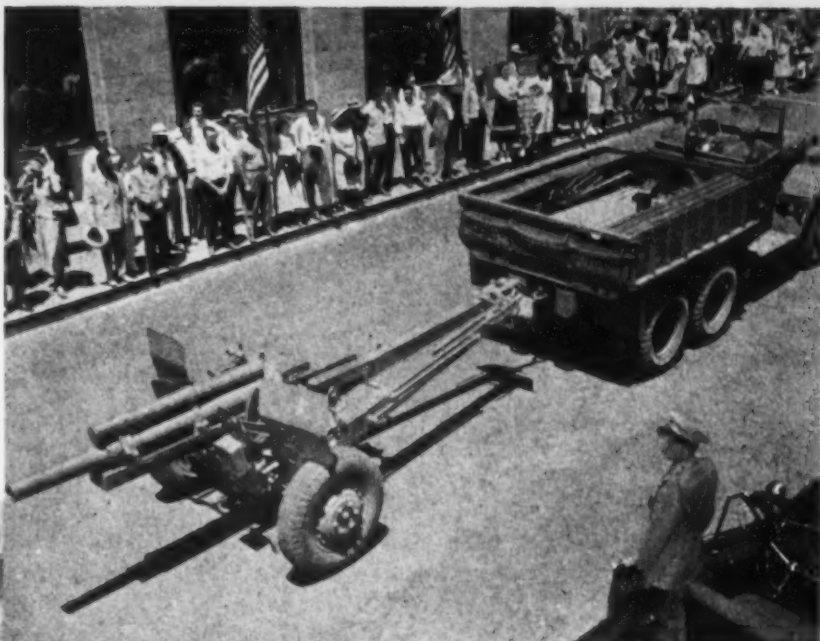
The Fourth Division Association was a natural result of the member's wartime association. An annual get-together is planned and the place and date for next year's reunion will be determined by a committee to be appointed by Gen. Hart. **END**

"Bull sessions," like the one shown at right, were frequent at convention as old buddies met once again. Below, General Cates, with his aide and honor guard, leading the big reunion parade

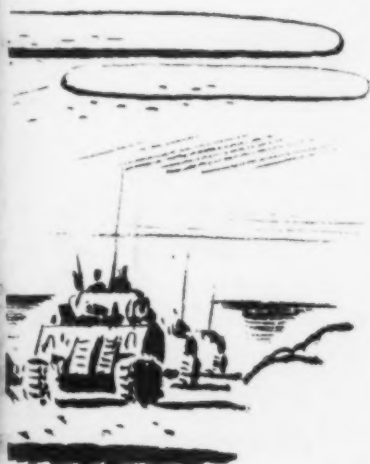


Al Dopking, war correspondent with the Fourth Division in the Pacific, was the principal speaker at a banquet which ended the Fourth's first convention





The 5th 105-mm. Howitzer Battalion, the local Reserve unit, passes in review (above) as marchers (left) near reviewing stand. Below, former WRs of the Kansas City area serve as volunteers on the registration desk as convention gets underway at hotel headquarters downtown



WELL IN AT FIVE!

Postwar riflemen come into their own as 12 new
division and Corps records are established

PHOTOS BY SGTS. JACK SLOCKBOWER
AND FRANK FEW
Leatherneck Staff Photographers
and
OFFICIAL U.S. MARINE CORPS
PHOTOGRAPHERS



by Sgt. Spencer Gartz
Leatherneck Staff Writer

LIEUTENANT COLONEL WALTER L. WALSH
Eastern Division double winner, high—rifle and pistol

IT WAS just like old times at the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Matches at Quantico in early June. In fact, ever since the preliminaries for these matches started, back in February, it's been like the old days. Records have fallen in practically every match fired, indicating the new-fangled rapid-fire weapon, the M1, is here to stay, even for match-firing purposes.

Every match fired in the "finals" at Quantico was a thriller. The winners weren't decided until the last shot had been fired. Even the Lauchheimer Trophy award hung in the balance until Devine and Mitchell got off their last string of rapid fire at 25 yards.

Throughout the Geographic Divisional Qualifying Matches and the Corps Matches, 12 new records were established and one was tied.

Technical Sergeant Fred H. Butcher, firing for the Western Division, and now stationed at Quantico, captured first place in the Marine Corps Individual Rifle Matches with a new match record 569. He posted a 286 during the first stage and kept within a notch or two throughout the second stage to eke out a 283. His top score entitles him to the David S. McDougal Memorial Trophy, emblematic of the Corps individual rifle championship.

Master Sergeant William L. Jordon, Jr., of San Diego, pushed "Butch" all the way; in fact, when they walked onto the 600 yard line they were tied up at 476. When they finished firing the first ten shots at that range (a 20-shot range), Jordon had picked up one point and was leading 522-521. However, during the final ten shots, Butcher came through with a 48 while Jordon was dropping four for a 46. The two extra points gave Butch a 93 to Jordon's 92, and the match, 569 to 568. The first gold medal that Sgt. Butcher received for this win gave him the one "leg" he needed to make him a Distinguished rifle shot.

The next day the gang gathered on the pistol range to decide the Individual Pistol Championship. This also was fired in two stages (twice over the course), and at the end of the first stage the top man was Master Sergeant Thomas R. Mitchell, of MB, Norfolk, Va., with a very hot 281.

With a 559 rifle score already in his back pocket, this definitely established him as top favorite to take the coveted Lauchheimer Trophy, which is awarded the shooter with the best rifle-pistol aggregate score.

The pistol, even in the hands of a distinguished pistol shot, does funny things . . . much to the consolation of us ham 'n egg pistolers. During the second stage Mitch



Southeastern team, winner Inter-division Rifle Team Match 1st row (l-r); TSgt. L. Joblin; 1stLt. G. E. Kross; Cpl. M. E. Compton; WO G. E. Anderson. 2nd row (l-r); MSgt. G. F. Cade; LtCol. G. T. Fowler; MajGen. L. C. Shepard; MSgt.

E. V. Seeser; MSgt. C. L. Propst. 3rd row (l-r); WO J. W. Woodfin; CWO E. W. Orr; WO J. G. Navolanic; WO Steve Slaveoff; 4th row (l-r); Capt. T. E. Barrier; TSgt. W. L. Devine. New match record, 2811. Average 281.1 per man

could come back with only a 268, still good, but 13 points under his first day's score.

Master Sergeant Walter E. Fletcher, who had a 273 on his first round, was cuttin' the black and forging to the fore during the second time over. Coming up fast also was another famous pistol shot, Technical Sergeant Walter L. De-

vine, who, until two weeks before had held the Marine Corps record over the same course. Fletcher had a below-par rifle score and wasn't considered, at that time, in the running for the Lauchheimer. But Devine was now the man to keep an eye on. His 562 rifle score coupled with his first stage pistol mark now established him as a co-favorite with Mitchell.

When they reached the final range, 25 yards rapid-fire, Devine had not only caught Mitchell, but was one point ahead. When that range had been

fired, Devine had dropped six points, Mitchell had held his own and Fletcher had pounded home a 280. This gave Fletcher a pistol total of 553 and first place, along with the Marine Corps Memorial Pistol Trophy. This mark tied the Marine Corps Pistol Match record set by Lieutenant Colonel Walsh in 1947.

Sgt. Tom Mitchell's 549, coupled with his 559 rifle mark, was good enough to take first place in the Lauchheimer race. His 1108 was one point ahead of Devine. The rifle champ, Sgt. Butcher



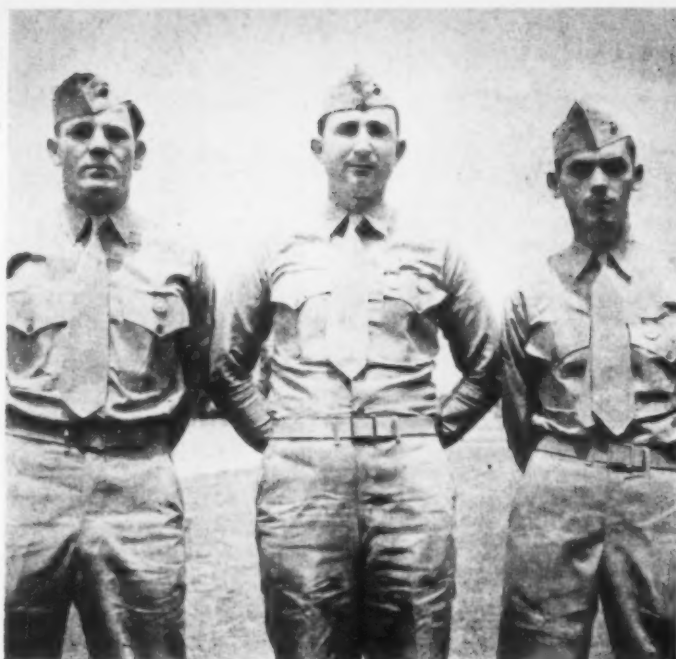
New Corps pistol record of 562 was set by TSgt. Percy W. Hawes, Camp Lejeune



MSgt. Walter E. Fletcher, winner of Marine Corps Pistol Match with a score of 553 receives congratulations from MajGen. Merrit Edson, Retd.



MSgt. Thomas R. Mitchell's 1108 gave him the Lauchheimer Trophy



First year medal winners and the Corps' most promising shooters. L-r; Cpl. J. C. Stephenson; Pfc. G. H. Hurt and Cpl. W. B. Rogers

managed to scoot home with an 1102 for third place.

The Lauchheimer record of 1114, made in 1947 by Fletcher, is still intact.

Mitchell's score in these two events was just a repetition of the skill he displayed in the Eastern Division Matches, where he scored 560 points with the rifle and 548 with the pistol. This consistency was no surprise to some of the older shooters, for in seven previous rifle competitions during the period 1937 to 1940, Mitchell compiled an average of 565 points with the '03 rifle. He also averaged 546 points with the pistol in his last four competitions.

As a member of the Quantico team that won the Elliott Trophy Match with a record 1155 in 1939, Mitchell established an all-time Marine Corps record for the National Match Course with a score of 296 (possible - 300).

The Western Division Pistol Team avenged their 1947 defeat in the Inter-division Pistol Matches, by walking home with the 1948 honors, and established a new record of 1380 in accomplishing the feat. The team make-up was Colonel Lewis A. Hohn, Team Captain; First Lieutenant Kenneth E. Harker, Team Coach; Master Sergeant Charles J. Wiley, Alternate; Master Sergeant Rames O. DeLaHunt, First Lieutenant Louis M. Patterson, Technical Sergeant Ralph C. Cox, Warrant



Depot of Supplies Barstow team; "Bear" Trophy winner. R-l: Capt. D. E. Arnold, Coach; Capt. J. L. Kelly, MSgt. John Snyder, MSgt. R. Shaw, Alt., Sgt. N. Fournier and Cpl. W. Johnston. Score 1111, one point better than 1stProvBrig.

Officer Mark W. Billing, and Master Sergeant Walter E. Fletcher, shooting members.

The Southeastern Division Rifle Team did some almost unbelievable shooting in wrapping up the Inter-division Rifle Team Match. This ten-man aggregation rolled up a 2811 score for a new record—an average of 281.1 per man.

This was another match that wasn't decided until the last four shots were fired. The Western Division team, which won and set the old record in

1947 with 2802, was close on the So' eastern coattails all the way. The winner's anchor men, Sgt. Devine and Captain Barrier were steady on their course and came through with a 98 and 95 respectively at 600 yards to sew it up. Of course, two earlier shooters, Warrant Officer Gail Anderson and Technical Sergeant Lathan Joblin, with their 286 and 285 didn't hurt the team chances.

The Elliott Trophy Team Match was also touch-and-go throughout the 20 shots fired by each team member at

600 yards. The 2nd Combat Service Group (Med) FMFAtl, out of Camp Lejeune, was the winner with another new record score of 1119. Parris Island and the Second Marine Division teams chased the Combat Service group right down to the last shot, and finished in that order in the second and third spots. Their victory wasn't easy; they sweated it out until an old team shot, Commissioned Warrant Officer Emmett W. Orr, Team Captain walked off the 600 yard line with a 96 to his credit. Devine, of Parris Island, had kept his team in the running with a 96 at that same range; but when Orr duplicated that effort, only an earthquake could have kept the Service Group out of the winner's stall.

The Wirgman Trophy Team Match went to the Marine Detachment, NDB, Portsmouth, N. H. They also chalked up a new match record of 1101 in taking the 1948 team title. The Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, grabbed the runner-up spot, and actually outshot Portsmouth at 600 yards, but the Philadelphia riflemen couldn't overcome the early lead the victors had piled up. The Depot team was ten points shy of the winner's score. The Marine Barracks, Naval Base, Philadelphia pulled in a very close third with 1090.

The earlier Geographical Divisional Matches, the first of which was fired in February at Pearl Harbor, also had their share of records.

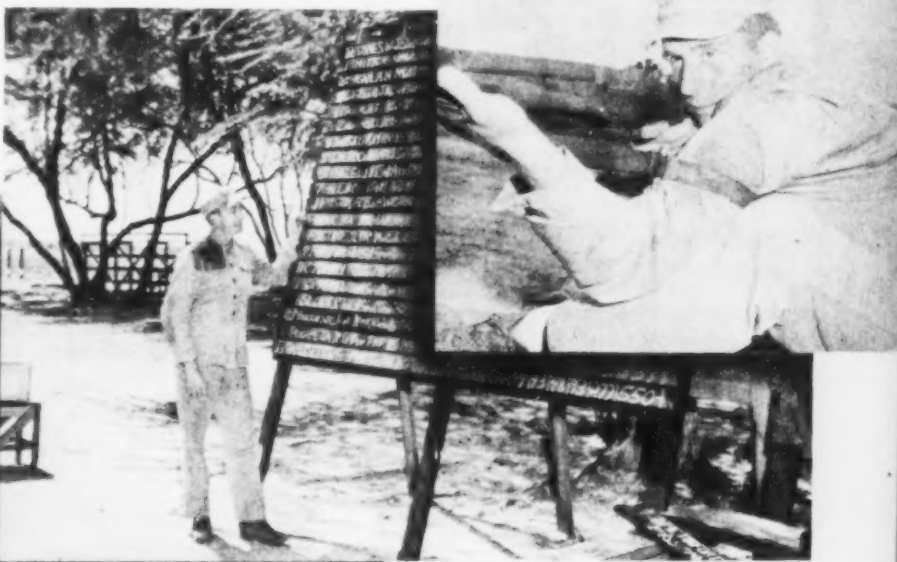
Staff Sergeant William J. Dynes, Jr., FMFWesPac, won the rifle title of the Pacific Division with a blistering 286 and 284, good enough for a new division and Marine Corps course record of 570.

The previous division record was 555 established in 1946 by PFC John W.



Western Division Pistol Team. Front row (l-r): Col. L. A. Hohn, Team Capt; 1stLt K. E. Harker, Coach; 1stLt. L. M. Patterson, WO M. Billing. Back row: TSgt. R. C. Cox, MSgt. Rames O. DeLaHunt, MSgt. C. J. Wiley, MSgt. W. E. Fletcher

Sgt. Norman D. Fournier, of Barstow, won Western Division rifle with 569



↑ SSgt. Wm. J. Dynes' 570 in Pacific Division set new Marine Corps record

SSgt. G. C. Graves set a new Pacific Division pistol "high gun" with a 544



WELL IN AT FIVE (cont.)



Southeastern Rifle Team, Elliott Trophy winner. 1st row (l-r); WO J. Navolanic, CWO R. D. Chaney, Coach; CWO E. W. Orr. Back row (l-r): MajGen. L. C. Shepherd, Cpl. M. R. Teel, WO G. E. Anderson, Cpl. R. J. Houle. They won with a record score of 1119

Seeser, now coaching the Parris Island Team.

In late April at the Western Division, "shoot" held at Camp Matthews, near San Diego, Calif., Sergeant Norman D. Fournier, Depot of Supplies, Barstow, Calif., came through with a 286 and 283 to total 569, good enough for a first gold medal and a new Western Division Match rifle record. He finished four points ahead of Master Sergeant Norman R. Clark, First Marine Division, who had a 565.

Dempsey. The former Marine Corps course record of 568, shot during the 1947 season, was held jointly by Technical Sergeant Maxin R. Beebe and Lieutenant Colonel Walter R. Walsh.

Staff Sergeant Guy C. Graves, Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor, was another record smasher, knocking over the number one spot in the Pacific Division Pistol Matches. Graves put together a 269 and 275 for a grand total of 544 and the lone gold medal allotted to that match. The old record of 532 made in 1946, was held by Commissioned Warrant Officer Edward B.

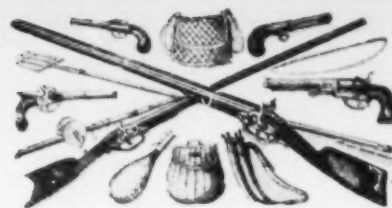


Firing for the first time in competition, MSgt. Aaron C. Ivey, Camp Lejeune, won the So' eastern rifle "high gun" and set a new division record of 568. In Corps matches he took a sixth bronze giving him two legs on distinguished



Wirgman Trophy winner, MB, NDB, Portsmouth, N. H., 1st row (l-r): SSgt. J. A. Fowler, MajGen. L. C. Shepherd, Sgt. C. G. Heald. 2nd row (l-r): LtCol. W. P. Prickett, TSgt. J. Little. New record score of 1101 won match by ten points

Marine armorers and top shooters collaborated in improving the M1 for match competition. Most of the "bugs" have been ironed out



TSgt. F. H. Butcher, winner of the Marine Corps Individual Rifle Match, accepts the McDougal Trophy from former Corps team-shot, Col. Phillip E. Conradt. Butcher's score, a hot 569, set a new high mark for that particular match



Quantico's distinguished guests, (r-l) BrigGen. R. M. Cutts, Retd; BrigGen. M. Edson, Retd; former CMC Gen T. Holcomb, Retd; Gen. C. B. Cates; MajGen. L. C. Shepherd, Jr.; Maj Gen. J. C. Smith, Retd; MajGen. L. W. T. Waller, USMCR

Western Division pistol "high gun", WO. Mark Billing, set a new division record with 546



Warrant Officer Mark W. Billing, Camp Pendleton, took the high pistol spot with a 274 and 272. His 546 total broke the Western Division pistol mark of 540 made in 1947 by Warrant Officer F. J. Bergmann. Walt Fletcher was two points behind with a 544.

The San Diego Team Trophy Match (the Bear Trophy) went to the Barstow team which compiled a 1111 score, barely squeezing out the First Provisional Marine Brigade team which had 1110. It was considered quite a feat for Barstow, since they had come up with a miss at the initial range, one of the shooters having failed to get off his last shot.

Barstow's aggregation was composed of Sergeant Norman D. Fournier, Corporal William D. Johnston, Captain John L. Kelly and Master Sergeant John R. Snyder. The team coach was Captain Doren E. Arnold, the old "Deacon," who almost broke a blood vessel when the "Desert Rats" of Barstow sneaked in by one point.

When the shooting scene shifted to the So'eastern sector, the assault on records continued. This match was fired in late May at Camp Lejeune. The rifle title went to Master Sergeant Aaron C. Ivey, Marine Barracks, Camp

FABULOUS FIGHTER

Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, master of hand-to-hand combat,
taught Marines mayhem and self-preservation



by Corp. Paul Hicks

Leatherneck Staff Writer

ON a crisp October day in 1874, the wealthy family of Drexel Biddle, awesome power in the banking world, and one of the pinnacles of Philadelphia society, welcomed an heir.

Fat cigars were distributed in the ornate downtown offices of Edward J. Drexel Biddle, and society matrons eyed female infants with somewhat premature optimism. But before long many cigars had been nervously chewed to rags, and dainty young debutantes had been shocked by tales of the hellion who had managed to tarnish the lineal lustre of the Drexel Biddles. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, one of the toughest men ever to spit a silver spoon out of his mouth and take on all comers, had made his debut.

Before the legend of Anthony Biddle was to end, after 73 fabulous years, he was destined to gain fame in the worship of two unfailing divinities—God and a good fight. He was to astound men with his driving energy, whirlwind his way around the world, box with champions, become the hand-to-hand combat tutor for some of the toughest fighting men in the world, and rise to a full colonelcy in the Marines.

From the hectic days of his young manhood, when he donned the gloves with John L. Sullivan, to his old age, when he taught mayhem to husky Marines one-third his age, he was fearless, swift, and dynamic. He knew all the tricks of general human destruction—knife fighting, bayonet war, judo, defendu, gouging, kicking, and maiming. And he possessed the uncanny knack of



As a Reserve, Captain Biddle sat for this portrait during World War I. In that conflict he served in France, and also as an instructor at Quantico

projecting his knowledge into the brains and brawn of other men. Many Americans owe their lives to his thorough training.

Biddle's early life followed a normal pattern. He was educated in private schools in and around Philadelphia, and then went abroad for further schooling at Heidelberg, Germany. After completing his education he lived for a while in the Madeira Islands. Shortly after his return to the States he published a book, "The Madeira Islands," and followed it with several more volumes, on varied subjects. Paradoxically, one of his favorite early pastimes was the writing of children's books, and he published several of these in the late 1890s.

In 1891, to the consternation of the social set, he obtained a reporter's job with the old Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and covered the waterfront

beat. When the scion of one of the city's wealthiest and most respected families, educated in private schools and abroad, patrolled the tough, dirty Philadelphia wharves, he began to make some highly interesting and family-disturbing acquaintances. Somewhere in his twenty-odd years he had picked up a love of physical contact in combat, and the knack of boxing. In those days, professional fighting was frowned upon by almost everyone but the professional fighters. A fascination for boxing, however, had already seeped into the average citizen.

Biddle erected a boxing ring and makeshift gymnasium in the stable of his great Philadelphia home. There he sponsored boxing exhibitions, fought in them, and became acquainted with the boxing greats of the day. He went into his homemade ring with John L. Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons, whose "shift"

he adopted, and many other prominent fighters of the day. Society shuddered. Biddle loved it. To all the upper strata who pleaded with him to abandon his folly, and to those who sought some reason for his unusual behavior, he had the same laughing answer:

"Why? Why, for the hell of it!"

The peak of his boxing exploits was reached at an exhibition bout between himself and the French heavyweight Georges Carpentier. A cordon of police were required to keep order among the crowds who had come to see the society sensation do battle. The society circle was shocked, but helpless. Social ostracism would have become an impotent weapon if used on a Philadelphia Biddle.

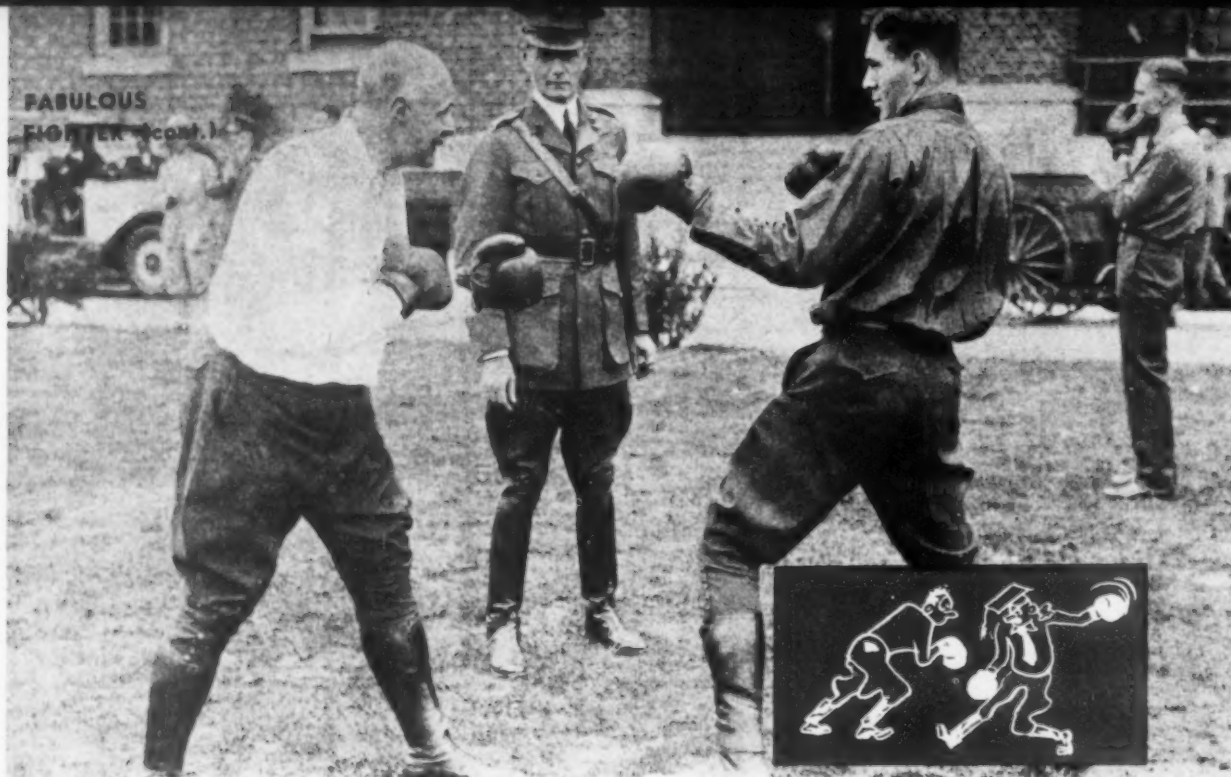
Strangely enough, for a man whose tendencies ran so obviously toward mayhem, Biddle was a deeply religious man. He always attended church services with his family at the Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church on Philadelphia's Rittenhouse Square, a few blocks from their West Philadelphia home. It was here that he originated the program of "Athletic Christianity."

Biddle felt that too few young men of prominent families in his set attended the church. He determined to alter this condition, and threw his characteristic vigor and tireless energy into the task. It is contended by those who knew him that Biddle, after his inheritance of over a million dollars from Grandpa Drexel, felt that he should make greater contributions to religious advancement. He believed that the organization of bible classes, which could be made popular with the young people of prominence in and around Philadelphia, would be a fitting contribution. It has never been explained just what led him to this conclusion. But it was one thing to organize bible classes and another to coerce a regular congregation into attendance. Biddle had an idea.

With the rather hesitant permission of the pastor of Trinity Church, Biddle combined his bible classes with boxing instructions and exhibitions by the experts. He knew practically everyone of the stellar pugilists in the country at that time, and many readily agreed to appear. It was a novelty—and it worked.

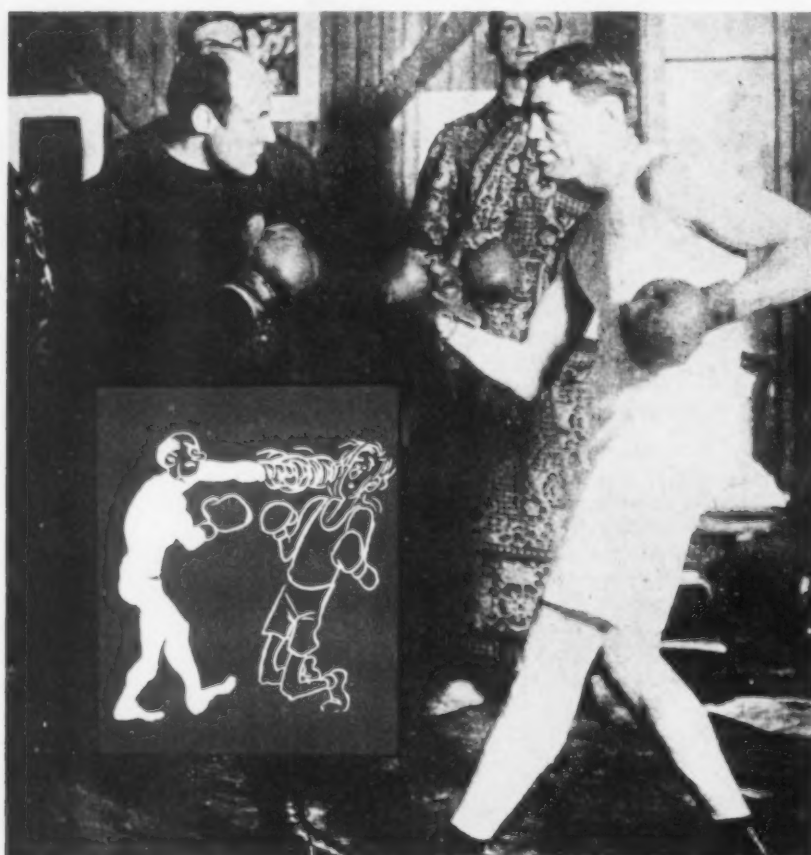
To increase his bible following, and to prove his own sincerity on the temperance subject, he threw several thousand dollars worth of excellent wine out of the cellar of his home, and foreswore the use of whiskey. Until that time he was said to have disposed of an occasional quart a day. According to the record he actually did abandon drink, and never returned to it.

There seemed to be almost nothing which Anthony J. Drexel Biddle couldn't do, or didn't think he could do. During



Biddle, then a major, gives some boxing "instructions" to a Lieutenant Levinsky who displays honest respect

for the balding Philadelphia gentleman. The scene is League Island Navy Yard, training center of a bygone day



Biddle mixed it with many of the day's boxing greats in his homemade gym. In the white "shorts" is Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, the famed lighthheavy

one of his many trips to Europe he became convinced that he could sing on the concert stage. He studied in Paris, and on his return to America decided to combine his bible classes, boxing exhibitions, and operatic tendencies into one grand affair for the furthering of the religious instructions. He extended his bible classes to New York City. The first such program presented there was epic. It featured—in addition to the bible readings—boxing exhibitions by professionals, operatic outbursts, and as a grand climax, a sparring match between Biddle himself and a French tenor. There is no record of the outcome of that climactic encounter, but it is safe to assume that baritone Biddle gave the tenor a few notes on self defense. Not long afterward he decided that singing was not his forte after all.

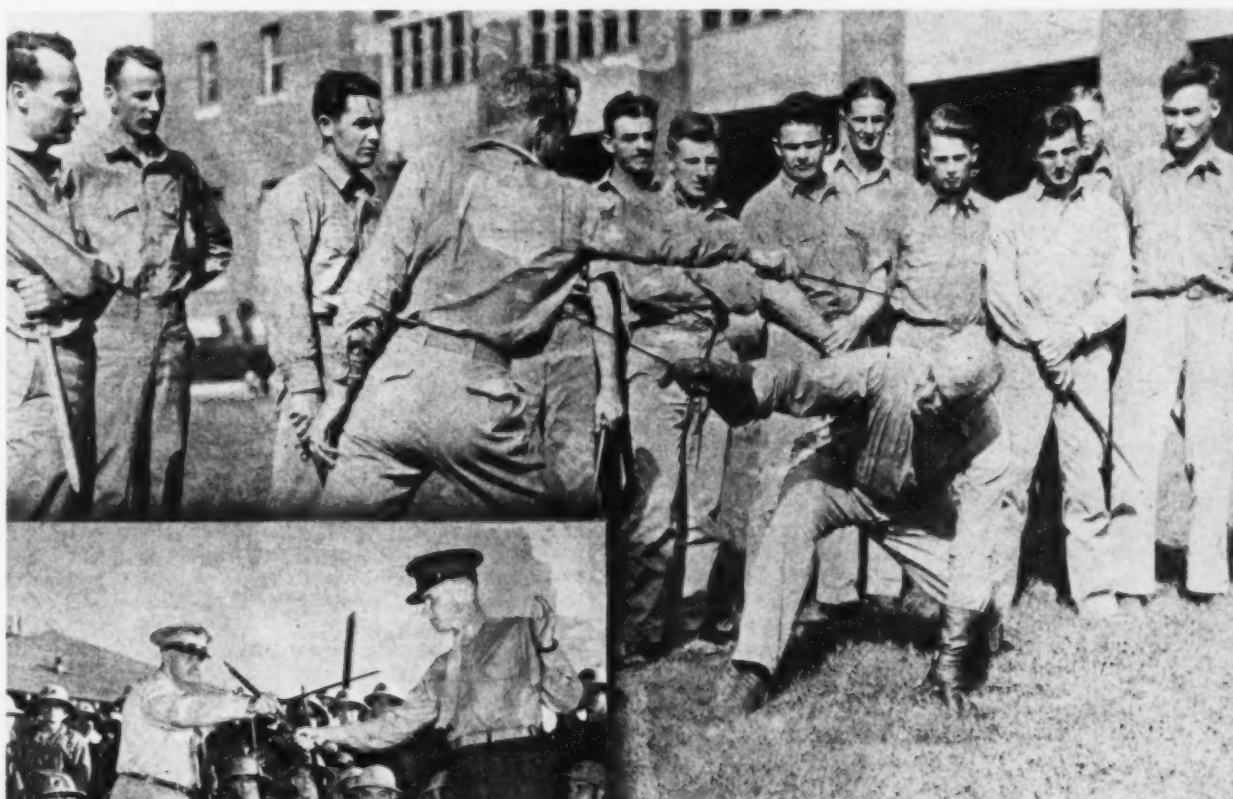
The bible class movement, however, continued to flourish, until it had an enrollment of some 300,000 on three continents. After the outbreak of World War I, Biddle arranged for the military instruction of any members of his bible classes who cared to indulge. This was the beginning of the Philadelphia Military Training Corps. By the time America entered the war, Biddle's latest brainchild included some 20,000 men, all prepared to step into the non-commissioned ranks of the Army. True to form, Biddle had gone through the course with the men.



Between wars the colonel periodically returned to the Corps to train OCS graduates. Here he is shown instructing Lieuts. Kaiser, Thompson and Salzman

Throughout his entire life Biddle travelled extensively, acquiring new fighting tactics every time he left home. His first trek included the western United States where he sharpened up his bowie knife technique. This was always one of his favorite weapons. He learned defendu from the Shanghai police, savate from the French, club fighting from the European police, knife techniques from the Spanish, French and Russians, and fencing from the greatest swordsmen in both America and abroad.

In Japan the colonel learned, probably as early as any American, the dirty fighting tactics of the Nips. One day he engaged a Jap in a sheathed bayonet duel, and disarmed him. The slant-eye, according to an old Japanese custom, quickly seized Biddle's forefinger and broke it, thus winning the fight under local rules. Biddle was amazed, but wiser. He became an advocate of the ancient saying, "When in



Biddle displays his uncanny knife technique with naked blades to an officer's class at League Island Navy Yard



The aging master demonstrates for a group of recruits at Parris Island shortly before his health finally broke

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Ex-Marine Verne Gagne, missing in 1947, is back to strengthen Gophers

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Down Texas way, Southern Methodist, although tied by TCU in the final game of the campaign, surprised everyone by beating out Texas and Rice in the wide-open Southwest Conference. Kansas returned to supremacy in the Big Six after spending years as the perennial doormat of that league. In the Southern Conference, tiny William and Mary, unheralded at the beginning of the season, beat out favored North Carolina for the Conference crown. It was a year that saw Michigan return to prominence in the Big Nine and Southern Cal climb to the top rung of the Pacific Coast Conference ladder.

It was a year packed with excitement—the first real postwar season. Gone was the flippant attitude assumed by some of the returning veterans. In the previous season they had reported in for practice fat and lazy, blandly counting on their inflated prewar reputations to carry them to first string berths. In 1947 there was little talk of "service legs" and inability to get into condition.

Even when the regular season had passed, the bowl games kept football in the headlines. Out on the Coast, fans are still muttering in dismay about the Tournament of Roses classic in which mighty Michigan trampled on a completely outclassed Southern California eleven, 49 to 0. It was the same score by which Michigan's famed "point-a-minute" team swamped Stanford in the first Rose Bowl game way back in 1902.

Striking with coolness and the confidence of true champions, the Wolverines scored once in the first five minutes of play, twice in the second quarter and once in the third. Then with old-time Rose Bowl observers calling for more, the Michiganders swept across the Trojan goal line three times in the final quarter to hang up their history-repeating score. Not only did Michigan continue the Big Nine mastery over the Coast Conference, but they broke the modern Rose Bowl record for scoring and handed the once vaunted Trojans the worst defeat in 60 years of football at that school.

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Leatherneck Staff Writer



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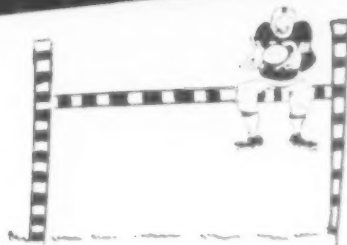
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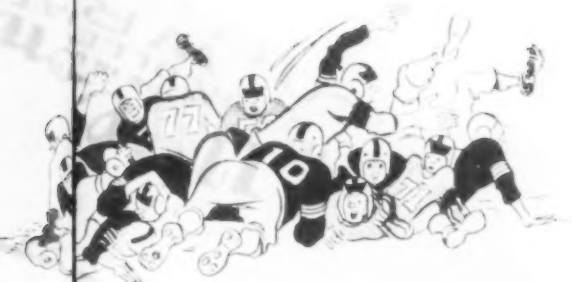
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Army's Joe Steffy left a pair of big All-American brogans to fill. Observers say Joe Henry can do it



only one game all year, and tying another, the Sailors dropped seven, including a disastrous defeat at the hands of Army. To bolster their gridiron fortunes, a new coach, George Sauer, has been hired. It was Sauer who last year took a fine Kansas squad to the Orange Bowl. A Navy lieutenant commander during the war, Sauer reports he is "not pleased" with the outlook for '48.

Dick Scott, great center of the '47 team, is the hardest single man for Sauer to replace. Former Marine, R. T. "Tex" Lawrence, has the inside track on Scott's position. Sauer does have the nucleus of a good backfield in "Pistol Pete" Williams, Reaves Bay-singer, and Bill Hawkins. Other former Marines out to gain positions on the Middle eleven are Ken Schiweck, Dave Ridderhof, and Irving Hisson. Don't expect any miracles of Sauer his first season with Navy.

But, since the draft has become a reality, both West Point and Annapolis may shortly dominate eastern football circles as they did during the war.

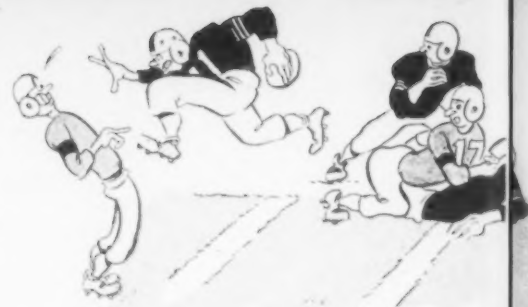
Although Columbia dropped two games last year, the 1947 season will go down as the most successful since the Lions' knocked off Stanford in the 1934 Rose Bowl game. Columbia broke Army's undefeated string of 32 victories by a 21 to 20 score. It was the most jolting upset in a season noted for its upsets.

Coach Lou Little has a job cut out for him this season if he expects to

duplicate the '47 performance. He must find replacements for Bill Swiacki and Bruce Gehrke, two of Columbia's greatest ends. But in other positions, the picture appears bright. Among the seasoned veterans returning is Gene Rossides, the "Flatbush Express" and passer par excellence. Rossides will play quarterback in Little's famed winged-T offensive pattern. Flanking him will be the great Lou Kusserow, a shifty, fade away runner, who led the Lion's in scoring as a freshman and sophomore. At this writing Columbia seems to be the team to beat in the Ivy League.

With Charley Conerly and Barney Poole leaving "Ole Miss" to join the professional ranks, Alabama and Georgia should fight it out for the 1948 Southeastern Conference championship. At 'Bama, Coach Red Drew has to find someone who can step into the shoes of Harry Gilmer, his great halfback and passing ace of 1947. Sophomore

Anchoring William and Mary line will be former Marine, big Jim McDowell



Ed Salem, 190 pound ex-prep sensation from Birmingham is being groomed for Gilmer's job. Salem is an excellent passer and good open field runner, but he hasn't yet shown the ability to pick up the short yardage like Gilmer. Other good men who have graduated are Vaughn Mancha, giant center, and Lowell Tew, great fullback.

Leading the parade of returning lettermen are Rebel Steiner, whose pass-snagging abilities were a first-class asset to Gilmer, and Bill Cadenhead, right halfback. 'Bama's prospects boil down to whether Salem has the stuff to make Dixie fans forget about Harry Gilmer.

Georgia Tech dropped only one game last fall, a close 14 to 7 decision to Alabama. Then the Engineers went on to the Orange Bowl and topped Kansas 20-14. But like 'Bama, some good men from that team won't be around this fall. Gone are Billy Williams, the team's leading punter, and Jim Still,





topnotch passer. In the line Davis and Slaten, tackles, and Phillips, guard, will be sorely missed. However, there are some 26 lettermen back, and Tech should come up with another good eleven.

Since the war, the best football in the country has been played in the Midwest and 1948 is unlikely to bring about a change. At South Bend, Coach Frank Leahy greeted 26 lettermen for fall practice. These men all played on the '47 team which was considered the greatest team in Notre Dame's history by some sports writers. If Notre Dame has any weakness this year it may be in the tackle slots left vacant by the graduation of All-Americans George Connor and Zygy Czarowski, and their two replacements George Sullivan and Gaspar Urban. Among the monogram winners bidding for a tackle berth is Gus Cifelli, a former Marine.

The biggest single loss from last year's squad is Athlete-of-the-Year, Johnny Lujack. At the end of the '47 season, Leahy tabbed Lujack as the greatest quarterback in either college or pro ranks. Aspirant to Lujack's position is Frank Tripucka, slender New Jersey boy. But backing him up in the remaining backfield positions are such veterans as Swistowicz, Sitko, Panelli and Terry Brennan. It was Brennan who scampered 96 yards with the opening kick-off against Army.

Besides Cifelli, other Marines on the Irish squad are Jim Martin, regular left end, and recently crowned heavyweight boxing champion of the university, Bill Flynn, another letter-winning end, and John Sinkovitz, guard. Experts say that if the Irish can get by Purdue in the season's opener, they may press on to another undefeated season.

Michigan's new mentor Benny Osterbaan inherits the most difficult coaching assignment in the country. Not only is he expected to match Fritz Crisler's record of copping the Big Nine and Rose Bowl titles, but he has to get along without two of the brightest stars on that '47 team, Bob Chappuis, who made every important All-America selection in the country, and Chalmers "Bump" Elliott. Former Marine Elliott played the key right half position in the Crisler system. Although he

weighed only 158 pounds when he went into the Rose Bowl game, he could block with the best of them, was fast and shifty, a fine pass-catcher, and one of two offensive players that Crisler kept in the lineup on defense. A great team player, he was picked on the Coaches' All-American last fall.

Also gone from that brilliant Michigan backfield are Fullback Jack Weisenburger, and Quarterback Howard Yerges. Elliott's replacement will be Walt Teninga, who is experienced in playing all the backfield positions. Gene Derricotte, a shifty, graceful runner, is scheduled to take Chappuis' place. Osterbaan says, "We'll stick to the same type offense and defense as last year. The Crisler system won us the championship, and we know it's the best. Minnesota looks like the favorite, but they're all tough."

Former Marine Colonel Bernie Bierman doesn't approve of what the sports writers are saying about his Minnesota Gophers this fall. A number of them are predicting that his eleven will cop the Big Nine title. They point out that Minnesota is losing only six lettermen from the team which came closest to upsetting Michigan last season. Fans will recall that Michigan was able to eke out a 13 to 6 victory in that game by virtue of a last quarter touchdown. Prior to that tally, Minnesota had missed a field goal attempt by a hair-breadth margin.

Army's halfback Bobby Stuart is expected to lead the charge down field "agin" all the Academy foe



Bierman, never noted for his optimism, expresses serious doubts about the football future at Minnesota. "What strength the squad will have," he gloomily predicted, "must come from hold-overs of last year's varsity and any improvements they can make. We are not in line for any championships, but we hope to win a few games and at least make a contest out of the others. We just don't have the manpower to put us back where we were in the pre-Pearl Harbor days."

That's what Bierman says. But insiders point out that if Bernie is given a big line and a crushing fullback, he'll do the rest. He has the line, and they say he has a new fullback, Buddy Brooks by name. Two of the top men on the squad are former Marines, Verne Gagne, an end, and Leo Nomellini, regular guard, who will be shifted to tackle this fall.

The darkhorse of 1948 Big Nine competition may be Northwestern. Last year they gave Notre Dame its closest fight. The Wildcats came within one

touchdown of tying the Irish, losing 26 to 19 in a ding-dong battle. Coach Bob Voigts has 28 lettermen on hand for fall practice and can field the same backfield of Aschenbrenner, Worthington, Murakowski, and Burson, that ended the '47 season. If Voigts can get adequate line replacements, especially at tackle and guard, the Wildcats will make it rough for every team in the Conference.

Last year Southern Methodist amazed everyone, probably including themselves, by going undefeated in southwestern competition to win the championship. The Mustangs were tied twice—by Rice in the regular season, and Penn State in the Cotton Bowl.



Although six starters are missing from that squad, Doak Walker is back, and that spells trouble for all the Pony's opponents. Teaming with Doak in the Mustang backfield, are two other veterans, Fullback Dick McKissack and Halfback Paul Page. In the line, Neal "Bozo" Franklin, who last year won a guard spot on the Leatherneck's All Marine football team, will be battling for a guard position. He looked very good in spring practice.

On paper, the 1948 University of Texas squad has possibilities of being even better than the '48 Sugar Bowl champions. New Coach Blair Cherry, has deeper reserves along the line, and improved defensive strength. But gone is the Longhorn backfield artist, Bobby Layne. His loss will be felt in the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)

Mr. Waikiki



The Marines landed on the famous beach—but failed, by the quivver of a bicep, to win top muscle honors



MEN have as much right to hold a beauty contest as women. Only, in a male contest, beauty has nothing to do with it. If a guy has a face like a gorilla, he can still win the prize—if he's built like one.

Honolulu turned out recently to witness the choosing of Mr. Waikiki. There were 35 contestants (no gorillas), 32 local boys and three Marines. Eight prizes were awarded. The Marines came home with three of them.

Nine men and two women (naturally) judged the muscles and selected the best arm, best chest, best leg, Hawaii's most muscular man—and Mr. Waikiki, himself.

Before the actual contest got underway, three of Hawaii's All-American weightlifters stooped and strained. They got a terrific hand. Richard Tom, 123 pound class, has lifted over twice his own weight—255 pounds, clean and jerk. Emerick Ishikawa, 132 pound



Duke Kahanamoku (center) presents a trophy to the winner, squat, balding, Anthony Sanchez who, in addition to the title, grabbed first for muscles. Sgt. Martin Gaglino (right) won second place, and Corp. Garza (2nd left) drew third



Corp. Francis Lis, 21, lost in the finals, but he drew the women's vote

class has lifted 205 pounds in the two arm snatch. And Harold Sakata, 181 pound class has a record of lifting 240 pounds in the two arm military press. All three are Olympic prospects. They opened the show with a bang.

After that, the judges spent two hours observing the bubbling muscles of the posing contestants.

Each contender was allowed three poses. Winners were selected on a point system: four points for body development; four points for symmetrical development (some contestants had the gear, but bulged ungracefully); two

points for posing a la Charles Atlas; and one point for skin appearance—warts, wens and moles were bad; freckles didn't count, neither did broken noses; no oil or grease was allowed; and last, one point for approach. The approach is important and involves as much muscular contortion as a lady uses when crossing a crowded night club enroute to the powder room.

All the contestants had shoulders twice the width of their hips. Women in the audience watched eagerly.

The oldest contestant was Anthony Sanchez, 42, father of four children. Sanchez, squat, balding, but dignified, went into a pose and the audience roared.

The Marines drew terrific applause.

Sergeant Martin Gaglino, New York City Sampson, tanned a deep Waikiki bronze, brought down the house. He also came in second for the prize of most muscular man, and second for Mr. Waikiki.

Corporal Francis Lis, a Marine fireman at Camp Catlin near Pearl Harbor, showed in a pair of leopard skin trunks. Blonde and well appearing, he drew applause but no prizes. (His supporters said he was too handsome to win a prize.)

The third Marine was Corporal Ernest Garza, Jr. also a New Yorker, heavier than Gaglino, and an expert at clean and jerk, the snatch, and the press. Garza came in third for the title of Mr. Waikiki.

Who won?

The winner was not Beetlebaum.

Mr. Waikiki won also the title of Hawaii's most muscular man and first prize for the best chest development.

The winner was Mr. Anthony Sanchez. His bald spot glistened as he accepted the huge trophy from Duke Kahanamoku, former swim star, and present sheriff of Honolulu. Sanchez grinned. The crowd cheered its approval of the selection.

We will now have 15 minutes of silence while we catch up on our dynamic tension. **END**



Corp. Ernest Garza, Jr., of the Bronx muscled in for the third place trophy

**This huge base in North Carolina
has become the home of the
Second Marine Division**



**POSTS OF THE CORPS
CAMP LEJEUNE**



The Main Gate at Lejeune. George Washington once called this place the most barren country he had ever beheld

by Sgt. Harry Polete

Leatherneck Staff Writer



WHERE the wide and placid New River flows into the often angry Atlantic, some 350 miles south of the Mason-Dixon line, is a large military reservation known as "the home of the Second Marine Division." Officially it is Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, although many of the older Marines still use its original designation, Marine Barracks, New River.

This giant, sprawling amphibious training base of the Second Division, covers 111,155 acres of Onslow County. A little less than one-fourth of this area is under water and this large inundated portion has earned for Camp Lejeune the nickname "Swamp Lagoon." Eleven miles of the 173.68 square mile base skirts directly along the Atlantic coastline, providing the Marines with a suitable place to practice their sea-borne invasion tactics.

The story of Camp Lejeune began on February 15, 1941 when the Marine Corps' request for additional training area on the East Coast was approved by the House Naval Affairs Committee. In 1917-18, when the Marine Corps was expanded to 75,000, it outgrew its training facilities at Parris Island and the Philadelphia Navy Yard. As a result Quantico was established as a new Marine training center.

The same situation reappeared in 1941, when another world war began to take form. The Corps was destined to expand to many times its World War I strength. Quantico would no longer be



With few exceptions, modern brick buildings of Georgian style architecture—similar to Camp Headquarters Building #1—dot this 173 square mile base



Major General Franklin Hart, commanding both Camp Lejeune and the Second Division, maintains both his and the division headquarters in Building #2

Departed comrades are remembered by Second Division on Memorial Day

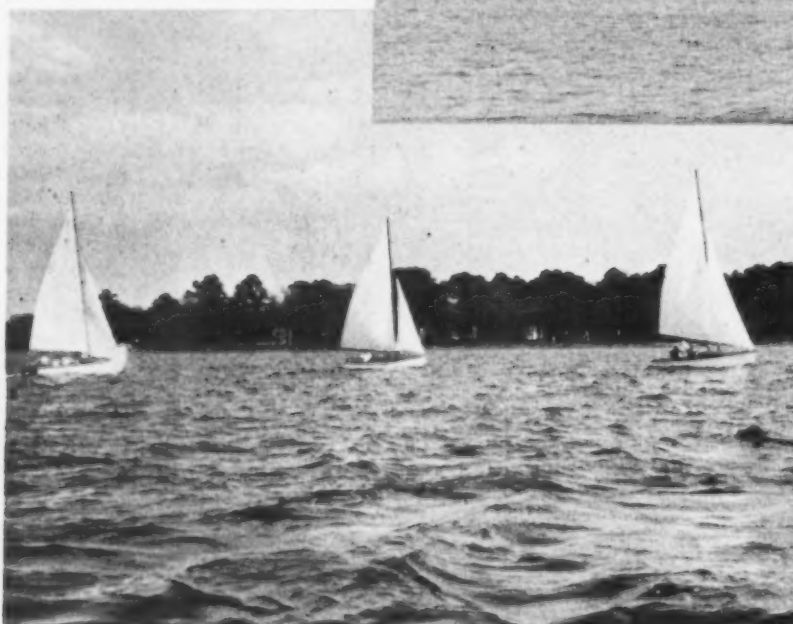
CAMP LEJEUNE (cont.)



Fronting Wallace Creek like an exclusive country club is Camp Lejeune's Marston Pavilion, a modern and spacious dance hall



Sailboating is one of the many recreational facilities offered to Lejeune personnel. Row boats and canoes are also available



an adequate major FMF training base for East Coast Marines.

On April 22, 1941, after extensive surveys, the Navy Department in Washington announced that contracts totaling \$14,575,000 had been let for the construction of a permanent Marine base in North Carolina. Shortly thereafter, work was begun on what is now the Tent Camp Area.

Previous to the advent of the Marines, few people were acquainted with this section of the state. A limited number of tobacco farmers, stock raisers, hunters and fishermen were its

inhabitants. The land was not too fertile but farmers were able to raise enough crops to subsist. Game and fish abounded, and at one time hundreds of wild ponies had roamed the countryside. However, these had been rounded up and sold.

To make the land available for a military reservation almost 600 farm families had to be evacuated. Most of them readily agreed to sell their property, and the few suits which were taken to court were settled amicably. Prominent leaders throughout the state, recognizing the value of a large con-

struction project in that section, cooperated with the government in securing the land.

That part of the state had never known so much wealth and the construction of Camp Lejeune was the first big defense contract to be awarded in the South. Natives were earning the highest salaries of their lives with promises of even higher earnings when the camp was completed and manned by thousands of Marines. Today this Marine base is a big business for the surrounding areas. Its civilian payroll is in the hundreds of thousands and the money spent by Marines in civilian business places is an important economic factor.

During the early days of Camp Lejeune's history, conditions under which the men lived were nothing to endear the place to any Marine who pulled duty there. In September 1941 when the First Division came back from maneuvers in the Caribbean, Tent Camp with over 1000 tents was ready for them. Mud flowed in roads and streets and millions of mosquitoes harassed the slumber of the Marines. This condition started a rumor around the Corps that Lejeune was a good place to stay away from.

Most Marines who have never seen the "Camp" have been impressed with these fables. They still arrive, expecting to find themselves deep in the



Camp Lejeune has ten operating movies. The main theater at Hadnot Point is one of the largest in the Southland



Fortunate staff non-coms and junior officers get homes in Midway Park. Housing is also provided for civilians

boondocks. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The place is big, and a lot of boondocks separate the several sections into which the base is divided, but in reality Lejeune is a magnificent place. The fact that all construction has been carefully planned instead of being allowed to "just grow," makes it unique among Marine bases.

In August, 1941, during the early stages of its construction, the 8000 men working on the permanent barracks and facilities at Hadnot Point raised the buildings so rapidly that by August 1942 the base headquarters was moved from Montford Point to Building No. 1 at Hadnot and the other area turned over to the thousands of Negro Marines, then coming into the Corps, for recruit training.

Millions of dollars worth of permanent barracks covered the previously wild area. Today, with its colonial Georgian style buildings and landscape it resembles a college campus.

Camp Lejeune's vastness is divided into sections so that all units of the Second Division can be near suitable training areas. From the air those widely separated sections have the appearance of numerous little towns scattered around a small city. Hadnot Point, with its numerous barracks and industrial area, is comparable to a city of about 20,000 people. Courthouse Bay, Montford Point, Petersfield Point, Paradise Point, The Rifle Range, Tent Camp and Midway Park are the surrounding small towns.

Hadnot Point, generally the new-

comer's introduction to Lejeune, is the headquarters of the camp and the Second Division. It is divided into five areas, all of them within easy walking distance of each other. The bulk of the Second Marine Division is quartered here and several movies, post exchanges, service clubs, and swimming pools are scattered throughout the various sections.

In this same area is the Naval Hospital, one of the largest of its kind in the South. Since it is located in the Fifth Naval District, it is under the supervision of the Commandant of that district, but serves Marine personnel at Camp Lejeune, Cherry Point and Navy personnel throughout that area.

WHEN a Marine reports in for duty at the rifle range, he gets a fair idea of Lejeune's size when he is sent from Hadnot Point to his new duty station by truck. The ride lasts from 45 minutes to an hour. The rifle range with its modern rifle and pistol ranges is located at Stone Bay and is built like the Hadnot Point area, but on a reduced scale.

The 1st Triple A Battalion and the 2nd Amphibian Tractor Battalion occupy the area at Courthouse Bay where there are adequate training facilities for both outfits.

Montford Point continues to train Negroes for duty with the Marines. At present there are some 479 enlisted men and nine officers stationed there.

Tent Camp, the original training area of the First Marine Division before

it went overseas in 1942, retains its name even though the tents have been replaced by neat rows of quonset huts. There is a small section of the Second Combat Service Group there, but generally the camp is used to quarter Marine Reserves who come to Camp Lejeune for their summer encampment.

Petersfield Point is manned by a small detachment and is used as an auxiliary airfield for Cherry Point. Paradise Point is the officer's housing area. Midway Park, an area of neat little houses, is set aside for the more fortunate junior officers, staff non-commissioned officers and civilians working on the base. Trailer Park is another housing area for enlisted men, and while it is generally considered to be inadequate, and an eye-sore, it is the only other housing available.

Onslow Beach is popular in Summer. The beach houses for officers and enlisted men, have wide verandas, dressing rooms and snack bars for those who tire of ocean swimming.

Then there are the training areas stuck off in rugged boondocks. Columns of helmeted troops make daily marches to and from these training areas for squad, platoon and company problems.

Camp Lejeune received its present name on December 18, 1942, when it was changed from the Marine Barracks, New River, N. C. The change was made by the Navy Department less than a month after the death of Lieutenant General John A. Lejeune, retired commandant of the Marine

CAMP LEJEUNE (cont.)

Corps. He had been characterized by the French General Petain as: "a military genius who could and did do what the other fellow said couldn't be done."

During World War I General Lejeune was the first Marine ever to command an Army division. Under his leadership the Second Division, jointly composed of Marines and soldiers, became the most decorated division in the AEF. The shooting accuracy of General Lejeune's Marines earned the late General Pershing's remark: "The deadliest weapon in the world is the United States Marine and his rifle."

Thousands of them, fresh from Par-

ris Island, and cadres of more experienced men were formed into combat units and trained at Camp Lejeune during World War II. It was a center for all types of war training. The parachute troops and Raiders learned their tricks in these rugged boondocks of North Carolina. A War Dog School trained dogs and their handlers for Pacific island combat.

The Women Reserves took over a section of Camp Lejeune in 1943 and for the first time in history, women were trained on a Marine base. The shrill cadence of female DIs of the WR Boot Camp could be heard over the normal routine of the camp. The WR Battalion was disbanded at Lejeune on June 1, 1946.

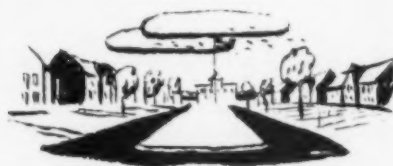
Now the camp supplies a training center and expeditionary base for the Fleet Marine Force on the East Coast. With the Second Marine Air Wing located at Cherry Point, some 40 miles away, the Second Marine Division at Camp Lejeune forms an important link in the chain of American might on the Atlantic coast. Elements of the division are serving with the Navy in the Mediterranean and the entire unit is ready to sail on short notice to support American policy anywhere in the world.

Perhaps the most important thing about Camp Lejeune to Marines is the duty. Is it good, bad, or just fair? For married men who are able to get housing at Midway Park, there are few places where the duty is better. For the unmarried man who is not a liberty hound, the recreational facilities on the base are the best. The most vitriolic condemnations came from men who hoped they would have a liberty town like Washington, Baltimore or New York within walking distance.

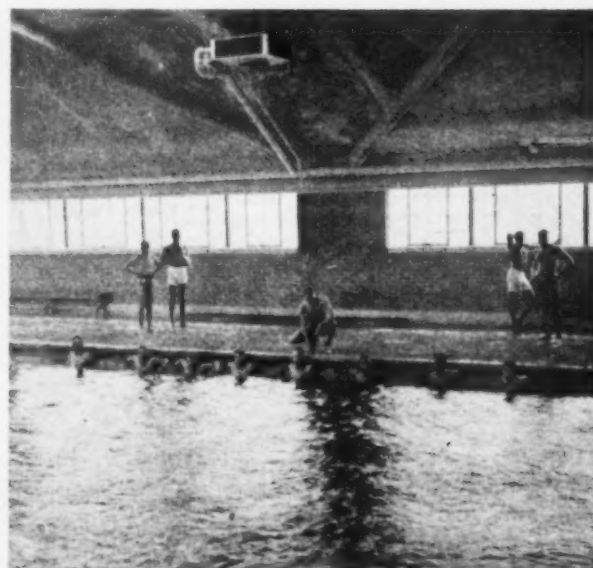
The FMF was once the best duty in the Corps; old timers say it will be again. According to private and master sergeant alike, Major General Franklin A. Hart, Commanding Officer of both Camp Lejeune and the Second Division, has certainly done everything possible to improve the duty in the Fleet Marine Force at Camp Lejeune.



The Second Division Band and one rifle company add color and music to the Azalea Festival in Wilmington, N.C. Participation in civic fetes is frequent



The enlisted men's beach house at Onslow Beach was built at a cost of \$200,000. It includes a snack bar and theater



Indoor swimming pools, like this one at Montford Point, are used the entire year for instruction and recreation



Moorehead City and maneuvers are some of the best remembered experiences of Marines at Camp Lejeune



**Ground Reserve units of
the Corps use Lejeune's vast
areas for summer training**



Tent Camp wasn't like this in the war years. All tents and temporary wooden buildings have been replaced by quonsets



Camp Lejeune's modern range has three 50-target rifle ranges, three school ranges and a 50-target pistol range



Acting as a proving ground for advanced techniques of amphibious war, Lejeune is a scene of constant training

Automatic Weapons

Superiority of firepower has been the aim of the arms expert since the day David slew Goliath with his slingshot

by Sgt. Edward Evans

Leatherneck Staff Writer

NOTHING is ever good enough for military men. Since the days of the near-perfection of the old flint-lock their cry has always been for a weapon that could fire more rounds faster with less effort on the part of the gunner.

As early as 1457, arquebuses were set in a row on a cart and fired by a single fuse as a defense against cavalry in the battle of Piccardy. No real progress could be made toward the truly automatic gun until the development of the metal cartridge. Crude weapons with revolving barrels or revolving chambers had been tried in the muzzle loading era, but no actual advance had been made until the American Civil War.

One of the earliest multiple-shot guns was the Billinghurst Requa Battery Gun with 24 barrels set in a row and mounted on a gun carriage. It was clip-loaded and ignited by a single percussion cap. It attracted little notice at a New York demonstration and the only time it saw action was against Charleston, S. C.

Between 1851 and 1869 the Montigny Mitrailleuse was developed in Belgium and adopted by the French. This gun consisted of 37 barrels in a circular housing mounted on a wheeled carriage, giving it the appearance of 12-pounder field piece. This resemblance was unfortunate because it led to the misapplication of a very serviceable weapon.

Photos by Louis Lowery

Leatherneck Photographic Director

The French used this crank operated gun in the Franco-Prussian war at artillery ranges, and even against enemy artillery, instead of against massed infantry at short ranges as intended. In the battle of Montigny, by coincidence, it had the only opportunity of demonstrating its effect against foot troops.

In the United States during this same period the first "machine gun" was patented in 1862 by Dr. Richard Gatling of Chicago. Whereas the Mitrailleuse had been loaded only by clip, the new Gatling was loaded by hopper, firing and extracting in continuous action by the turning of a crank. It saw limited use in the Civil War by Gatling's own demonstrators to prove its practicability.

The government adopted the Gatling in 1866, and it was used by armies all over the world in calibers from one inch to six millimeters. The revolving barrels were mounted on a stationary breech with a bolt for each barrel. As the barrels were turned by crank the bolt moved forward, picked up a round from the hopper and fired it, ejecting the cartridge as it completed the movement. By the time the Gatling Gun was replaced in 1910, the theory of using automatic weapons to support infantry troops had become well established.

Several other guns followed the trail of the Gatling using the multiple barrel and crank operation, but these required either a heavy carriage or deck mount. Among



This was the first of a long line of famous machine guns, the 1890 air-cooled .30 caliber Colt-Browning

these were the Hotchkiss revolving cannon with a bore an inch and half, and the MacLean repeating cannon. Both were used by the United States.

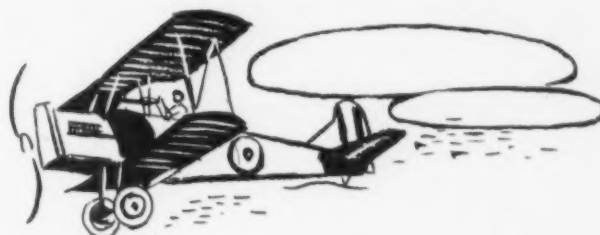
In the Nordenfeldt machine gun, developed around 1878, the principle of horizontal barrels returned, but this gun was hopper fed and operated by a side lever that fired the barrels in succession or volley. It was very popular in Europe and was used by the U.S. Navy as a fixed mount, torpedo boat defense gun.

The first portable, tripod-mounted machine gun was invented by Captain William Gardner, U.S. Army, in 1882 and was used extensively in the British Army until the advent of the Maxim, also an American development.

Hiram Maxim's use of recoil to load and fire brought an end to the use of hand operated guns. He was attending an electrical exposition in Europe when another American suggested he might



A veteran of two wars, the Lewis machine gun was the leader when the light automatic race began



The "Tommy Gun," first of a new sub machine gun line to gain prominence



find more profit in the field of fire-arms. After two years of experimentation in London, Maxim produced a true machine gun that could be fired continuously by simply holding back the trigger and letting the force of the recoil do the work. The Maxim action has become basic in automatic weapons. The barrel and breechlock were locked and recoiled together for a short distance as each cartridge was fired. A toggle action separated the block which continued to the rear, extracting and ejecting as it went.

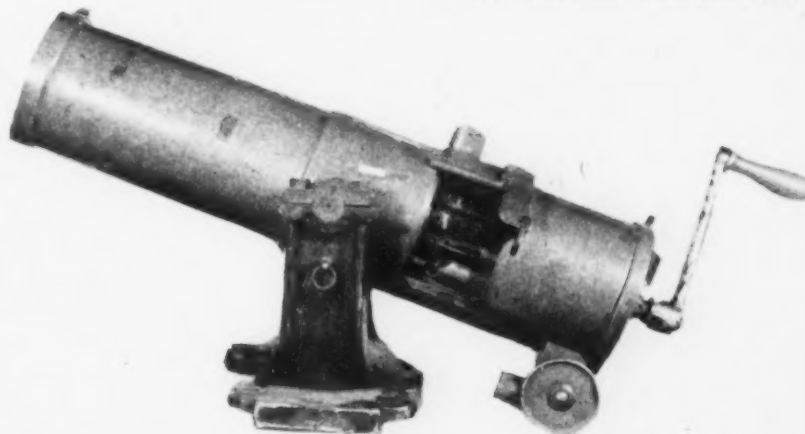
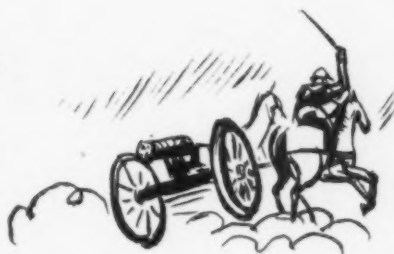
This new machine gun eliminated the gravity feed of earlier weapons and used the now standard belt feed. All shots were fired through a single barrel, cooled by a water jacket. Everything was compact and simplified, although the first models used in the Boer War were 37-mm. and the bursting of the shells earned for them the nickname of "pom pom." Eventually, calibered down to rifle ammunition

they became a favorite of both the British, Russian and German armies.

Around 1890, America's most prolific gun designer, John M. Browning, came up with the first gas-operated machine gun. He had hit upon the idea of using the power of gas taken from a port near the muzzle. The gas struck the head of a lever which moved down and back to operate a mechanism which drew a cartridge from the belt, chambered, fired, extracted it and continued the process as long as the trigger was depressed.

This new gun was adopted by the U.S. Navy in 1895 and was used in the Spanish-American War along with the Gatling. The Colt-manufactured Browning was air-cooled, tripod mounted and was capable of 400 rounds per minute. Its greatest advantage was the fact that it was light enough to be moved by one man.

Even at the time of the Russo-Japa-



Praised by Kipling and proved by Marines, the Gatling Gun taught respect to "Heathen Kings." This granddaddy of machine guns was used in all armies

AUTOMATIC WEAPONS (cont.)



Invented by a Marine, this Johnson light machine rifle gives an individual firepower equalling the heavy machine gun, capable of 300 rounds per minute

during the War of 1904-5 the tactics of machine gunnery were scantily understood and little real advantage was taken of the possibilities of the weapons. From 1900 to World War I great advances were made and new models of automatic arms appeared rapidly. Most armies generally adopted and made standard two types of weapon; the heavy mount gun with fixed tripod, belt-fed and water cooled, and weighing around 150 pounds; the other type which became prominent was a light machine rifle fired from a portable bipod, clip or drum fed and averaging 15 to 35 pounds. Most of these models were based upon the inventions of Maxim, Browning and Hotchkiss.

At the outbreak of the first World War, an American, Colonel Isaac Lewis developed his famous machine rifle. This gas-operated gun, fed from a drum on top of the receiver, had an air cooling tube and light bipod. Its total weight was 26 pounds. This fine gun was rejected by the Army, but accepted by the Navy, the Marine Corps and

the British. The first combat units of Marines to go to France took along the Lewis with one to each rifle platoon. Soon after the arrival the Marines lost their Lewis guns which were used as aircraft defense. They were issued French Chauchats or "sho-sho's" in their place. Although well designed, the Chauchat was poorly made and at every opportunity the Marines "borrowed" new Browning Automatic rifles from green Army troops.

During the war, the two new Browning guns replaced all others in the American forces. The BAR and heavy

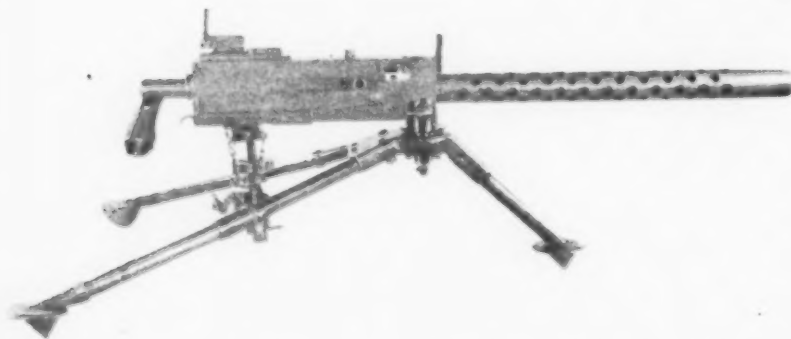


Marines were issued the French Chauchat in 1918 and the only solution for its frequent stoppages was to discard it

machine gun proved to be highly efficient. Today they serve as the basic automatic arm for all purposes and are used in tanks, aircraft, and with foot troops.

A lighter version of the .30 caliber Browning heavy machine gun appeared in 1919 with a perforated air-cooled sleeve in place of the heavy water cooling jacket. This new gun was more maneuverable than the heavy model, but due to the changed cooling action, it could fire only about one-third as many rounds per minute as the 1917 heavy. In theory the light Browning has been designated as the assault weapon and the heavy Browning as the defensive, long range, weapon. The mechanisms of the two are practically identical except for the cooling system. Both types have been produced in .50 caliber for use as anti-tank and anti-aircraft weapons.

The early thought conceiving the machine gun as a sort of small bore artillery received amplification in World War I. This conflict was in some respects a machine gunners war. Heavy, long range weapons predominated in the beginning and were set up in well prepared positions with little mobility. Elaborate sectors of fire were prepared and barrages were fired in the manner of artillery. The German machine gunners had a field day mowing down the dense ranks of charging French Infantry with their long bayoneted rifles and brilliant uniforms.



The light air-cooled Browning came into prominence when used to advantage by Marines in Pacific jungle warfare. Its mobility is valuable in assault

Originally only two of the early heavy machine guns were assigned to a regiment. Old-school officers were slow to find any value in these heavy automatic guns. As their worth was proved in combat a separate company of the battalion was reorganized as a machine gun unit. The static trench warfare was excellent for the heavy machine gun, but when movement finally broke the deadlock, new and lighter automatic weapons which could be carried with the assault waves stole the show. The day of the machine rifle had arrived.

Most of the classifications of present day weapons are misnomers. Theoretically a machine gun falls in the heavy tripod category, while the lighter one-man automatic weapons are machine rifles. The term automatic is often misused, especially when

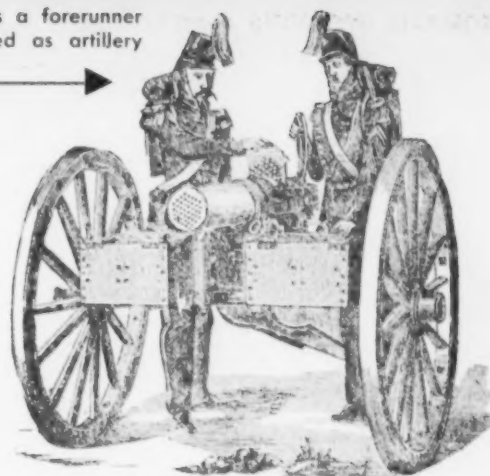
applied to weapons that are only self-loading and should be termed semi-automatic. Automatic weapons are those which fire a number of shots on one pull of the trigger.

Another type of weapon which came to the fore in the years following the first World War is the so-called sub-machine gun. The foremost of these is the Thompson, familiarly known as a "Tommy Gun." Here also a fine point of distinction has resulted in misnaming. Submachine guns are actually machine or automatic pistols based upon the type of ammunition used. They are generally a substitute for a pistol, and fire pistol ammunition with an automatic action.

The "Tommy Gun" was the invention of General Thompson and many years elapsed before the military paid any attention to the arm. The theory of long range, heavy weapons still held sway at the time. It was the U. S. Marine Corps and the Navy again who put it to practical application in the short-range jungle fighting of Nicaragua in 1928. It was not until 1935 that the Army accepted it for use by the growing armored force as an auxiliary arm. By this time the Thompson Sub had been roundly acclaimed and accepted by the French and copied by the Finns and the Czechs. The Germans and Russians had been active in this line, too, and brought out their own machine pistol versions.

The Thompson had a bad tendency

The French Mitrailleuse was a forerunner of the Gatling, but misused as artillery



proved by Marines in combat, the new Johnson is seven pounds lighter than other weapons of the same type. It mounts a 20 round magazine on the left side and fires full or semi-automatic. Using the standard Springfield clip, the magazine can be reloaded without being removed and the gun is capable of delivering 300 rounds per minute. It is fired from a monopod or from the shoulder. The barrel is detachable for cleaning or replacement and is fitted with an air cooling sleeve.

Two weapons of the submachine gun type made their appearance during the recent war. They were the Reising and

the Army M3 sub-machine gun, both firing .45 caliber pistol ammunition. The Reising is delayed blowback action with an automatic rate of fire of 150 rounds per minute. The M3 was developed by Colonel Studler of the Army Ordnance Department. This strange looking gun is also of blowback action with only one moving part. Both weapons are extremely simple in construction. The Reising has a wooden forestock and grip, but the M3 is designed for all metal forgings and stampings.

As automatic arms have become smaller and simpler for ground forces, they have also been developed in larger and more complex models for anti-aircraft defense. The time is rapidly approaching when all weapons may be automatic, not only in mechanical action, but as in newer types of artillery, remote controlled, self-loading and self-aiming. For a world continually "up in arms" there is more and greater fire power in the offing.

END

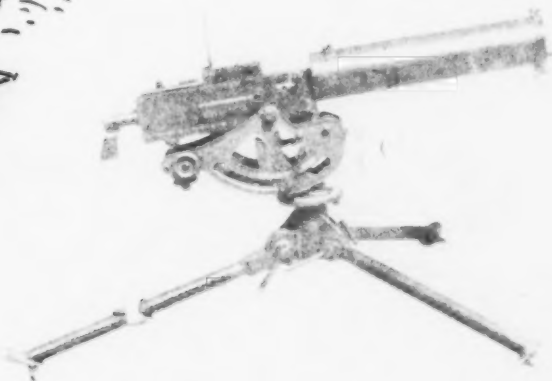


The BAR, Browning's automatic rifle, appeared in 1918. It surpassed anything in use then and is still a good weapon

to climb in full automatic fire, but this was corrected by Marine Colonel Richard Cutts with the Cutts Compensator which is now standard on most sub-machine guns. Most machine pistols are of the delayed blowback action and like the Thompson are drum or magazine fed, firing on the forward movement of the bolt.

The Lewis, Chauchat and Browning automatic rifles of World War I paved the way for many advances in providing rifle platoons with a greater range of fire power and mobility. Some military prophets like to forecast the day when each individual will be armed with a machine rifle or sub-machine gun.

A weapon which may make this possible in the near future is the light machine rifle developed by Major Melvin Johnson USMCR. Tried and



Still the most powerful infantry weapon, the water-cooled .30 caliber Browning has greatest range and sustained fire

WE-THE MARINES

Edited by Corp. Wm. Milhon

The eavesdropper is civilian Marine Sgt. Gordan G. Maynard of Hollywood. He has tough, postwar movieland duty as assistant director of productions starring cuties like Miss Janis Page shown cradling the telephone above



Orchids From Jamoke

After their recent amphib maneuvers the Second Divvy Marines hit Jamaica to make a liberty. Residents batted down all hatches expecting various and sundry forms of trouble.

But the British got a surprise. The *Kingston Daily Gleaner*, leading newspaper of the British West Indies, gave us this editorial pat on the back:

"The behaviour of the United States Marines and sailors who were here last week 2500 strong, was so exceptionally good that it warrants comment and congratulations. The men made merry in town, saw the sights, patronized our shops and bars, and we cannot remember a single previous occasion when so many behaved so well. It showed that behind the scenes somewhere a first class job of discipline and organization had been done."



Special Services

Special Services can deliver almost anything at a moment's notice: golf clubs, tennis racquets, fishing poles, model kits.

But Lieutenant Clifford McCollam, 25, of Headquarters S.S. broke into

a gentle sweat recently when he had to perform a special service over and beyond the call of duty.

The ambulance was weaving through heavy Washington, D.C., traffic at 60 mph. McCollam and his wife, Mellie, had their fingers crossed. They were still ten miles from Bethesda Naval Hospital when little Candida McCollam lent her small but powerful voice to the wail of the siren.

"The hospital was certainly taken aback," said McCollam modestly, "to have me present it with a baby. It took all six feet 3 inches and 240 pounds of me to do the job."

Navy doctors congratulated McCollam. He, Mrs. McCollam and Candida are in excellent condition.

After the delivery, Lieut. McCollam hurried back to headquarters and delivered, 15 minutes before the deadline, the hobby story that appears in this issue of *Leatherneck*.

Health Camp

The boys of the Second Marine Division surprised the medics during the recent maneuvers in the West Indies.

The medical staff stood by, expecting casualties. The huge hospital ship *USS Consolation*, completely staffed with

specialists and carrying the most modern hospital equipment, lay near the landing beach throughout the maneuvers.

The individual troops had been well indoctrinated in first aid and the strict requirements of field sanitation. They were made familiar with the dangers of malarial mosquitoes and the effects of the poisonous manchineel tree in the Vieques-Culebra area. And, of course, the preventive medicine section sprayed DDT in all areas where the troops were to operate.

Then 6000 Marines made ship-to-shore amphibious movements, with all the usual risks involved, working highly mechanized heavy equipment, and field firing all weapons attached to an infantry division. They lived in the field, under training conditions, on a tropical island for six weeks.

Yet there were no deaths, no serious injuries, no serious diseases.

The amazed medics reported a hospital admission rate of only 1.1 man per day—less than one-third the normal admission rate experienced when the Second Division Marines live in the barracks at Camp Lejeune.

Sheer good luck? No. Just well-instructed troops and excellent medical support.



Marine Private J. M. Brown celebrates his 20th birthday on Art Linkletter's radio show eating pie instead of cake

Marine Returns

Joseph Temallo, Cambridge, Mass., is pretty young to be the father of a 15-year-old boy—in fact, Joe is only twenty-two himself. He became a father during a routine patrol on Okinawa in 1945.

Temallo was stationed in Naha,

the capital of Okinawa. There were Japs in hiding around that area. Every cave was suspect, so Temallo and another Marine approached this one cautiously.

But instead of a Jap, a ragged, scrawny, half-starved boy crawled from the cave.

The Marines were embarrassed. They gave the kid some C rations and looked away while he gulped it down. It hurts to watch a starving kid eat.

"Where are your parents?" asked Temallo.

The boy replied in Japanese. "My father I found dead along the road. My mother I saw machine-gunned by an American plane."

The Marines took the boy back to camp with them. Temallo, with the permission of the company commander, took over as Tsuha Hinkio's foster father. He taught the boy English. Together they went to movies, the post library, and played basketball and baseball. Then in 1946, Temallo, disabled in combat, received his transfer back to the States. He could not take Tsuha with him.

"I'll be back," he told the boy. "Maybe two years, maybe three, but I'll be back."

GIs have said that all over the world. Kids in Italy, Africa, Germany,

India, have watched their heroes go away, and have listened to that same promise. Most of the GIs forget the children.

Temallo joined his family in Cambridge, Mass. For two years he worked on the graveyard shift in the local post office, and saved every penny he could.

Last month Temallo left for Okinawa. He had managed to get a civilian job with the War Department on that island. He had found, through the World Children Foundation that under Massachusetts law he could legally adopt a boy over 14 years old.

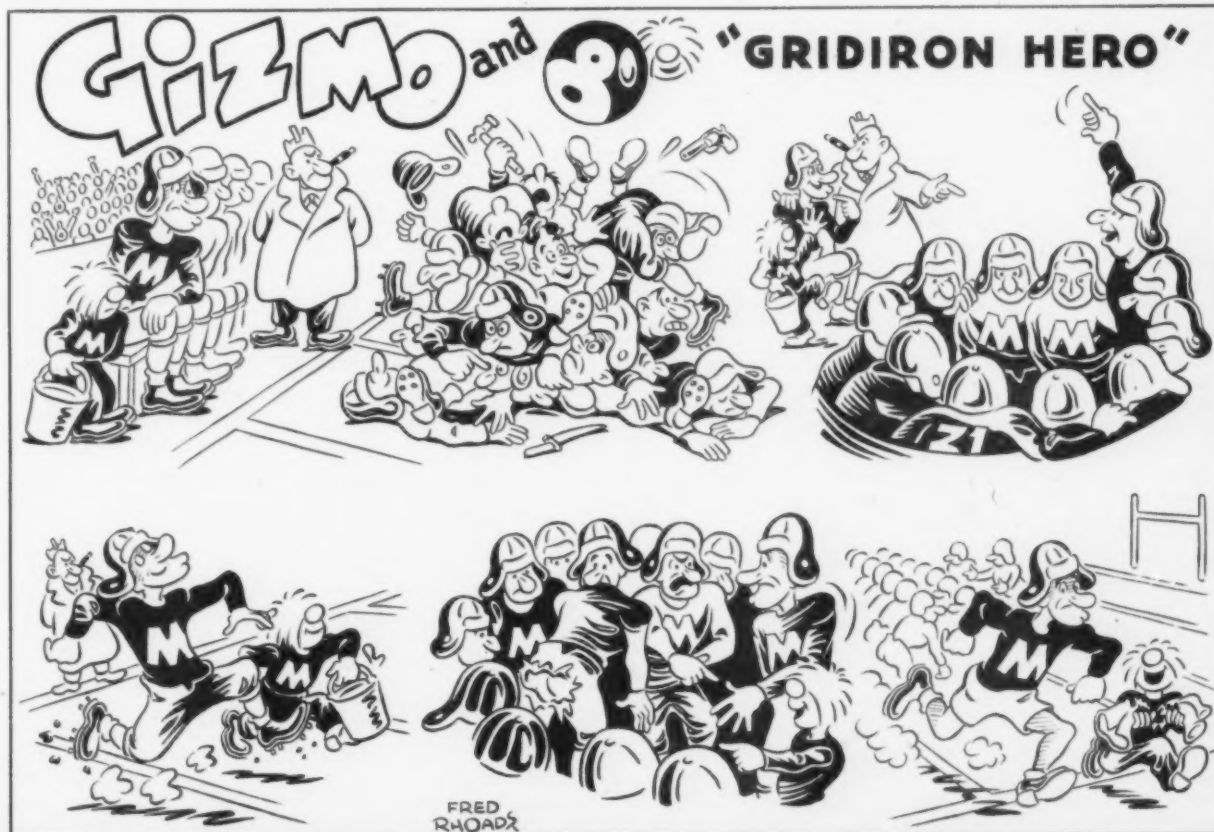
He and Tsuha have corresponded regularly during their separation. Temallo has sent him clothing, stationery, and English-Japanese books.

"Tsuha is in the third year at Koza Orphanage High School," said Temallo proudly. "He writes English well."

The job in Okinawa is only temporary. Temallo secured it just so he could be near his "son" while he works out the red tape of adoption with the help of the adjutant general's office there. He has \$500 in cash ready to post as Tsuha's entry bond into the United States.

That's Joseph Temallo, former Marine, one example of a fighting man who made a promise and kept it.

TURN PAGE



WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

Boots Football

Marines in the Platoon Leaders Class at Quantico worked like Trojans this summer. In fact, 11 of them were Trojans, recruited right off the gridiron at Southern California.

This may be the first time in history that an entire football team was caught by a snatch-boot.

Bob Webb, former USC athlete and now a volunteer recruiting officer, and Major George A. Gilliland, Assistant Director for the Eleventh Marine Corps Reserve District, signed up the future Marines in a mass ceremony on the University athletic field in Los Angeles.

The football players slucked their maroon and gold athletic togs and traded them for Marine gear for six weeks this summer. They know football science—now they're learning the various phases of military science. Next year they'll go back to Quantico for the second six weeks of their training under the Reserve Officer Candidate Program. When their courses are completed successfully, they will be appointed commissioned officers in the Reserve.

Seen in the picture on this page are, left to right in the front row: Bob Stilwell, right end, who is slated to become a top favorite this year; Walt Ashcraft, another good prospect; Phil Jessup, Reginaldo Borg, Bog Earl, Bill Samarin, John Tomilson. Second row: Bob Mills, Major G. A. Gilliland, Harry Anderson, Jim Powers, who last year was the climax-player for USC and a bright spot in this year's line-up,

Jeff Cravath, the head coach of the Trojans, Gwen Henry and Bob Webb, volunteer recruiting officer for the Marine Corps Reserve.

Pappy's Pants

Gregory "Pappy" Boyington who lost his pants several times in War II has a new job wherein the loss of either trousers or life is highly improbable. The fabulous Pappy is now manager of Eagleston's, a men's clothing store in Los Angeles.

Marines who served with Pappy while he was kicking Zeros out of the Japanese airforce may find this fantastic—but then Boyington was always fantastic.

Before the war he was one of Chennault's raiders. Later as a Marine pilot, he clobbered 27 Jap Zeros out of the Pacific skies. He commanded the famed Black Sheep squadron, and cheated death so many times that he was called "The Indestructible." But one day he lost his luck while trying to take on half the Jap air force. His plane caught fire. He parachuted, badly burned, into the open sea. Hours later he was picked up by a Jap sub and managed to survive the "questioning" that followed. His indomitable courage pulled him through the miserable months spent in five prison camps. They couldn't break his spirit in spite of burns, broken bones, bullet wounds, and repeated beatings, but they broke his health. When he came back to the States in '45 Boyington was forced to take a disability discharge after 14 years of service. He retired as a lieutenant colonel.



Pappy Boyington at new duty station, behind counter of store he manages

For a while he worked with an airline in Los Angeles. Then he got into the clothing business. He'd worked his way through college by selling men's wear. "Hell," says Pappy, "if it was good enough for Truman, it's good enough for me!"

Very busy now, Pappy finds time between the store, radio broadcasts, and his newspaper articles, to referee professional wrestling matches. Yes, he was Pacific wrestling champ before the war.

Boyington remains a legend in the Marine Corps. If he sells haberdashery the way he fought in War II, half of L.A. will be wearing Pappy's pants.

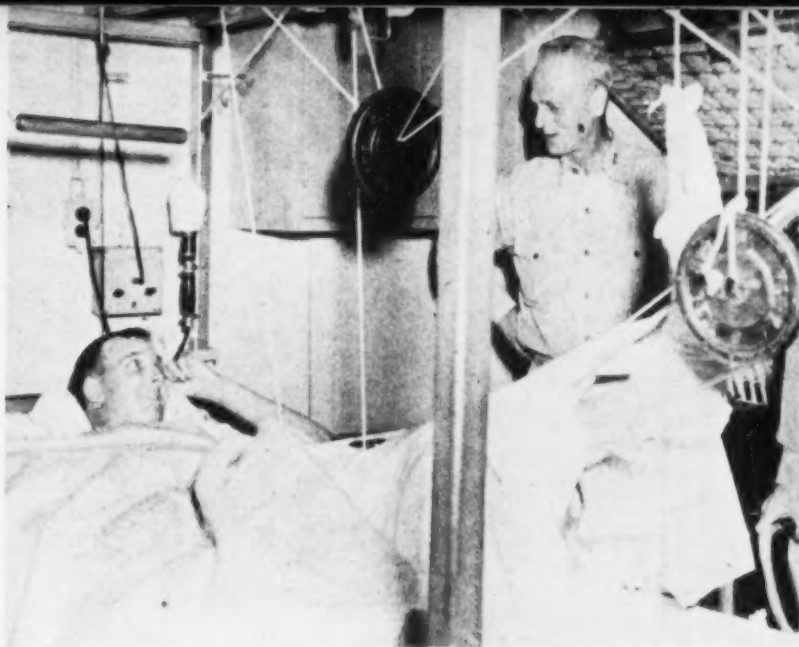


Bucking for bars as Corps Reserve officers last summer at Platoon Leaders Class at Quantico, were members of U.S.C.'s

Trojans who were recruited off the gridiron by Bob Webb, a former Southern California athlete and Marine officer



Terminal Island Marines are inspected by the President during Western trip



Major General Franklin A. Hart chats with a patient aboard USS Consolation while visiting the hospital ship anchored off a Vieques Island landing beach

Birdie

Lieutenant Joseph A. Nelson made the sloppiest take-off of his career. His squadron mates were worried about him as his Corsair fighter made an erratic rendezvous. They gave him plenty of room. They also prepared to give him the bird when they reached North Island a hundred miles from their mother ship, the USS *Bairoko*.

But when Nelson crawled out of the cockpit he already had the bird.

"There was a funny scratching noise in my cockpit," said the VMF-452 pilot, grinning a little. "My plane captain (Sgt. Nelson R. Sollinger) told me about it when he gave me the ship on the flight deck.

"But I said the heck with it. Then just as I taxied up to the catapult, I saw this bird zoom out from behind the rudder pedals!

"There I was trying to manage launching, flaps, wheels, and rendezvous while this varmint was eating up my legs."

The battle of the bird required some 20 minutes, of grabbing and cursing, on the part of the lieutenant, and much pecking and fast beak work by the bird. The bird won. Nelson spent most of the hundred mile flight trying to catch it. When he finally got it, Nelson was too tired to wring its neck. He threw the bird in a tool box and made a perfect landing.

"What kind is it?" asked one of Joe's mates.

"Just a hawk," said Joe. He opened the tool box. The hawk glared at the pilots, burst into the air and soared

away. "I guess," said Joe as he went to get his bleeding legs patched up, "he was just hungry."

Breaches of Propriety

The *Flight Jacket* reports this one: A pretty airline hostess buzzed among the passengers as the plane taxied toward the runway.

"Fasten your safety belts, please," she chirped.

The passengers, drooling slightly over such a charming young lady, snapped to—all except one portly gentleman who ignored her safety precautions completely.

Thinking he was deaf, the hostess spoke directly to him: "Fasten your safety belt, sir."

"Why, little lady!" he gasped in shocked tones. "Why (gulp) I don't have to. I wear suspenders!"

The man was in no way connected with the Marine Corps.

Close Shave

Camp Witek, Guam—"An Inspector General's inspection has to come off smoothly," writes Lieutenant Herbert J. Blaha of the First Provisional Marine Brigade. "But we had a close shave last month—"

The men of the platoon looked good, but the lieutenant, just to play safe, ran a dry-run inspection before the A & I man came around.

The lieutenant toured the squads. He glowed with pride. His men had hit a new high in spit and polish. Then the lieutenant's smile faded and he came to an abrupt and startled halt. One man in the third rank had a ques-

tionable appearance, to say the least.

"Young man," said the lieutenant, "There is blood on your chin."

"Yessir."

"In fact, you are cut."

"Yessir."

"How did it happen?"

"I was shaving, sir."

"Here?"

"Yessir."

"In the—(gulp)—in the RANKS?"

"Yessir." The embarrassed Marine hung his head, opened his right hand, and exposed one of Mr. Gillette's handy whisker scrapers.

Next morning the platoon bulletin board carried an announcement:

ALL HANDS WILL CARRY MIRRORS TO ALL INSPECTIONS.

THE above incident, far-fetched as it may seem, occurred on Guam last month. Things just as funny, or funnier, happen every day to you or your buddies. The whole Marine Corps would like to read about it. You don't have to be a professional writer. Just send us the dope. Address:

WE-THE MARINES,
Leatherneck Magazine
P. O. Box 1918,
Washington, D. C.

We will pay \$5.00 and give name credit to anyone who submits a usable item.

NATIVE GUARD



by Corp. Paul W. Hicks, Jr.

Leatherneck Staff Writer

The "CO" checks to see that all is shipshape in the messhall. Some of this chow is grown on the compound



IN 1941 the Caribbean island of Trinidad was added to the long list of countries with crack native guard forces organized and trained by the United States Marines.

The Marines had come to Trinidad in March of that year to guard the recently leased U. S. Naval Operating Base, which was still under construction. The confusion caused by the building operations, the swarms of native workers, and the ever present danger of sabotage became too great for the small detachment to handle unassisted. The Navy remembered Marine success with the Gendarmerie d'Haiti, and the Nicaraguan Guardia Nacional, and authorized a similar venture in the land of the calypso.

Although neither as military nor as powerful in effect as the Haitians or the Nicaraguans, the Trinidadian Native Guard was set up in the same manner.



Sergeant John Fleming stands by as one of his troopers closely inspects native workers at the Naval Base gate

It dealt solely with natives employed on the American base, checking them into and out of the station for the day's work, guarding principally against theft. After the main features of the base had been completed most of the natives remained to work on the new installations. Today many of them are still employed as building and repair work continues. The Native Guard has become a permanent fixture.

The Guard is a comparatively new outfit, but suffers few growing pains. Since its original organization and training under the Marines during the early war years, it has developed into a snappy outfit. The drill is according to the Marine book, and the entire routine is patterned after that of the Marine barracks a mile away. The "Commanding Officer" is a Marine sergeant selected from the regular Trinidad detachment. His tour of duty with the natives usually extends over a period of six months.

When this article was prepared the "CO" was Sergeant John J. Fleming, of East Providence, Rhode Island, a combat veteran of the First Division. For him, and other Marine non-coms, it is considered good duty but not a soft touch since the responsibility is great, and the problems they encounter are as difficult as those served up to their own commander. The non-com is advised in administration by the CO of the Marine Detachment, but at the Guard encampment and on post he is respected as "The Man."

END



Pfc Thomas A. Adolphus sounds off the time, after which he will make the notation "All's Well" in the guard log

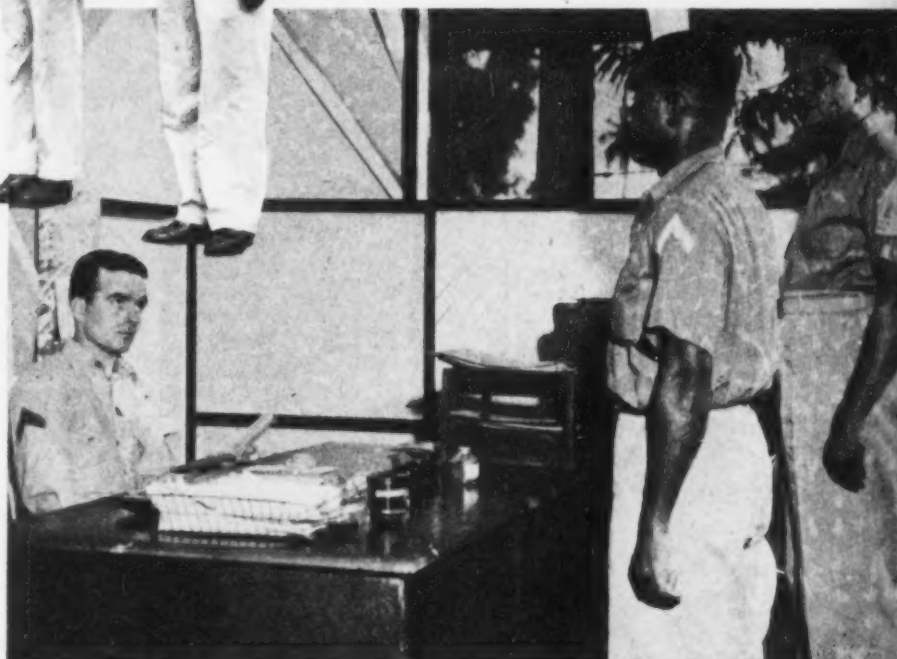
**Trained and directed by
Marines, this crack security
force is patterned after
the famed Somoan Fita Fita**



PHOTOS BY SGT. GEORGE E. DICK
Official U.S. Marine Corps Photographer



Regulation guard mount is the daily ritual for Fleming, shown here with his competent native first sergeant



"The Man" delivers the word to one of the troops. The usual process is one warning, followed by dismissal. Applications for enlistment are numerous

**Fisher was always shooting off his mouth—
bragging how good he was. The boys
in Dog Company called his bluff.**

by Corp. William Milhon

Leatherneck Staff Writer

PRIVATE Fisher was as popular around our squadroom as a boil on your neck. Talk about bragging! I've never seen a guy who could brag like Fisher.

It's all right for an expert like Jack Parmenter to tell stories about how good he is in boxing or track. Jack was a Golden Gloves Champion and he's got the gizmo to prove it. But Fisher didn't offer to prove anything. He just bragged. The first day in our barracks he made a fool of himself.

Jack Parmenter was telling us how he won a track meet singlehanded.

"I made 'em eat cinders," he said, modestly. "Boy was I hot! I'll bet I could have beat Jesse Owens that day."

"I did," said Fisher.

Everybody got quiet.

"You done what?" demanded Jack.

"I did the hundred in nine seconds flat."

Parmenter's ears turned bright red. He choked a little.

"It wasn't official," said Fisher.

"There was a 15-mile wind behind me."

"Wind!" Parmenter was disgusted. "Yeah, wind is right! There ain't a man living that can run that fast. Listen, Jeffrey and Wyckoff and Owens are tied at nine-four for the world's record."

"I know."

"Awright, wise guy. What's your best official time?"

"Nine-eight."

Parmenter strangled on whatever he was going to say. He went over to his sack and talked to himself the rest of the evening.

Everyone was embarrassed. There's a kind of unwritten rule in the Marine Corps that a new man has to keep his nose clean, his mouth shut, and his gear squared away. Also it is awkward for a private to pop off in front of his superiors. All the rest of us were PFCs.

To cover up a little, Scrappy Fuller started singing. He sings opera.

"Good isn't he?" I asked Fisher.

"He's flatting."

"I heard that," said Scrappy. "I say I ain't flatting."

"You flatted an E."

"Say, whadda YOU know about singing?"

"La Scala Opera offered me a contract."

"Yeah. Awright let's hear you sing."

"I got a cold," said Fisher.

His sack was next to mine. After lights were out I tried to set him straight. "Fisher," I whispered. "If you want to get along with us, you'd beter knock it off."

"I'm getting a transfer anyhow."

"Yeah, where?"

"Quantico. They're going to make me an officer."

That was Fisher. He topped us every time. He admitted that he was a champion diver, that he'd done 14 feet in the pole vault and over 50 feet in the shotput. He could win the AAU decathlon. He had broken the course record at the Miami Country Club, and had won a jitterbugging contest in San Diego.

It was stupid. You could just look at Fisher. Tall, gangling, with knobby knees and elbows and a long sorrowful face. He looked like a jerk. We tried to laugh at his snow jobs, but they got too deep to wade through. Around the barracks he was as welcome as EPD.

Ben English and Scrappy Fuller were playing chess one evening. Fisher sauntered over to watch the game. Everytime they'd make a move Fisher would groan and shake his head sadly.

"Awright," yelled Scrappy. "I suppose you're a chess champ, too."

"No," said Fisher. He rubbed his nose thoughtfully. "I won a few tournaments, but I quit."

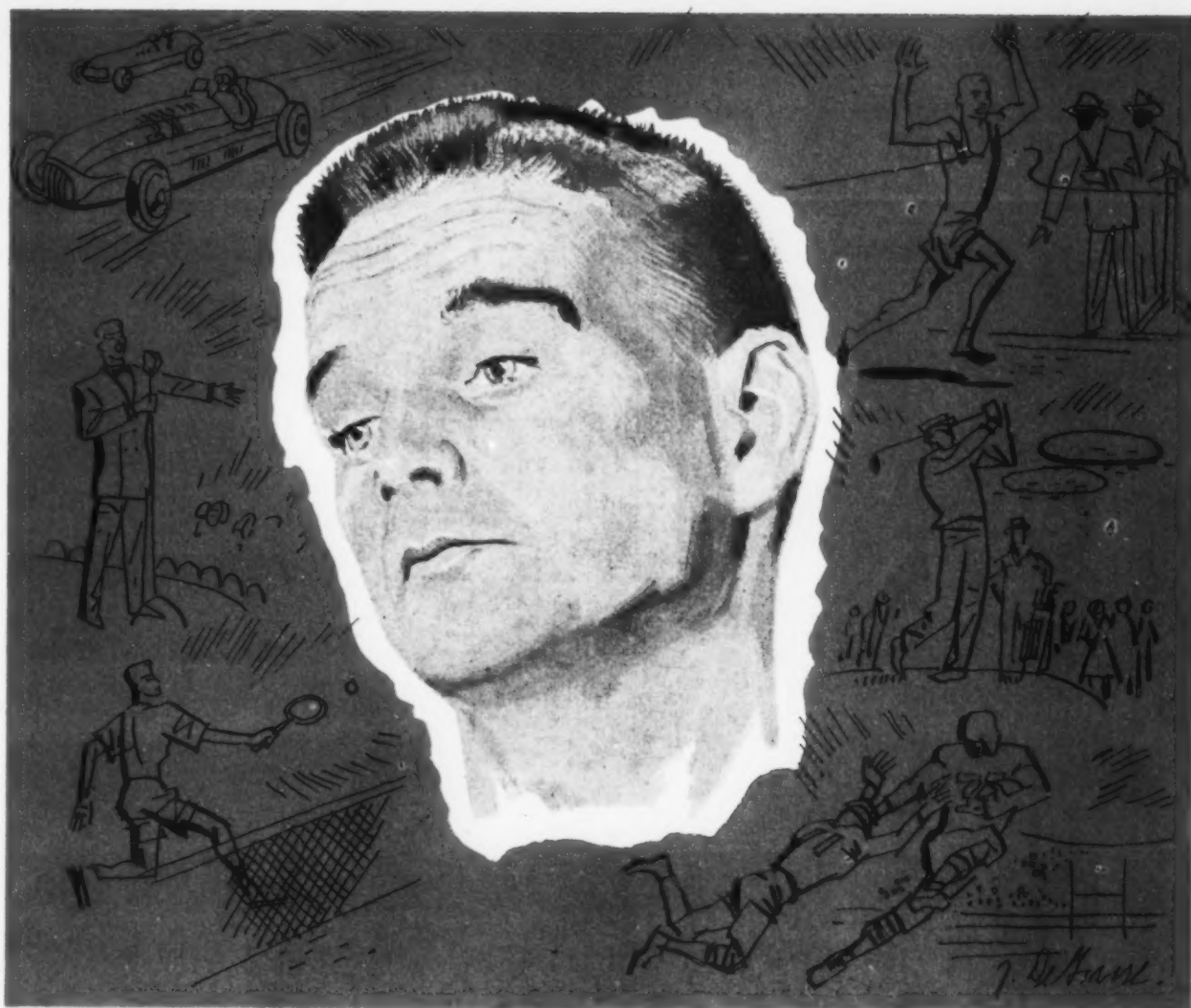
"Yeah. Why'd you quit?"

Fisher shrugged. "Most of the chess players, the masters, are old men. They live for the game. Every time they lose it hurts them. I don't like to hurt people."

"Shove off, Mac," said Scrappy. "You're loaded."

Later, the boys started talking about record day at PI. Ben English was the top boy in our outfit. He'd fired a great big 312. He was proud of his medal.





"Just what did you shoot, Fisher?"

Fisher kept on polishing his shoes. "There was a dispute."

"Yeah?"

"I really shot 340, though."

Dead silence. Nobody has ever fired a perfect score at boot camp.

"I got a miss scored against me. I finally figured out that I'd put two shots exactly in the same place. In the center of the V ring. I scored 335."

English got up, disgusted. "How come you don't wear your medal?"

"I don't wear any of my medals."

"Why not?"

"I don't have room for them." Fisher put down his shoes. "Besides everybody would think I was bragging."

That really got a laugh.

The day Parmenter got his union card, he showed it all around. "It don't mean anything," he said. "Anybody can get one that's got a quarter.

It just certifies that you're an amateur."

But he was proud to be in the Amateur Athletic Union.

"You in the AAU?" he asked Fisher.

"Yes."

"You ought to be a cinch for the decathlon." Parmenter made it sarcastic.

FISHER shook his head. "I'm not much good at the broad jump," he said. "I've never made over twenty-six feet."

"You could win the AAU trials."

"Yes," said Fisher. "But I don't want to."

"Why not?"

"I'd have my picture in all the papers."

"Yeah? What's wrong with that?"

"There's a woman after me."

That got another laugh. How could a sad sack like Fisher attract a female?

Next day Parmenter said to me at

chow: "That eightball, Fisher, is getting on my nerves—him and his bragging."

"Yeah. Mine, too."

"Someday somebody'll bust him."

Fisher hadn't done anything to me. Or to any of us for that matter. And as a matter of fact he never popped off until somebody else started a story. So far as the Marine Corps was concerned he kept his nose clean. He was never angry. He swabbed the deck, did his turn at guard, and his sack was the neatest in the squadroom. But there wasn't a man there who wouldn't love to see Fisher's face pushed in.

The pay off came up easily and naturally. Mike Koscis our expert on women was talking about movie stars. Mike is a fine story teller and the girls he described were so round, so firm—we were drooling when he finished. What he wouldn't do for Lana. For Hedy . . . mmmmm! "And that new star," groaned Mike. "That Betty

THE BRAGGART (cont.)

Schmidt. Oh. Take her away closer!"

Fisher rubbed his nose.

"She's not so hot."

Silence.

"Yeah?" snarled Mike. "Whadda YOU know about Schmidt?"

"I had a few dates with her."

Mike looked stunned. "Huh."

"I had to ditch her, though."

"Why?"

"She wouldn't leave me alone," said Fisher. "That's why I got in the Marine Corps. She used to follow me all over the country."

Scrappy Fuller got up and went over.

"How come you're only a private?"

"I don't want rates."

"Yeah? A guy as good as you say you are could be Commandant!"

FISHER nodded. "That's right."

But I got in the Marine Corps to think things over. When I decide what I want, I'll do it."

"You could be President." Scrappy put his hands on his hips. He had his jaw stuck out close to Fisher's nose. Standing up, Scrappy came even with Fisher sitting down.

"I'd have to wait till I was 35," said Fisher.

"You ever do any boxing?"

"Once."

"You a champeen at that?" Scrappy was getting nasty.

"No," admitted Fisher. "I had one fight and quit."

"Got licked, huh?"

"No. The guy I fought with was in the hospital 24 days."

Scrappy brought his finger close to Fisher's nose.

"Listen, you. I'm tired of your bragging."

"Bragging?" Fisher frowned.

"Yeah, champ. You're a windbag. You're a liar."

Fisher swallowed. "You mean you don't believe me."

"Come on over to the gym you —."

Fisher shook his head.

"I just told you, I almost killed a guy."

"You're yella."

Fisher stood up. He towered over Scrappy, who was bristled up like a bantam rooster. Fisher looked around the room. "Don't any of you men believe me?"

We gave him the razzberry.

Two red spots came into Fisher's cheeks. "All right," he said. "I can't fight this little squirt. Who feels lucky?"

Parmenter was already up. He was taller than Fisher. Heavier; with a longer reach; he had three years of ring experience.

"I feel lucky," he said.

There was no shoving on the way to the gym. We prayed that we could draw the gloves and find a fighting space without any trouble. We were lucky.

I appointed myself Fisher's second. He was slow to get ready. He acted as if he'd never had gloves on before. Parmenter was dancing around a little to get the kinks out of his muscles, but Fisher just stood there, looking sad, with his arms hanging down loose. I felt sorry for him.

It was the most uneven fight I've ever seen. You couldn't call it a fight, it was so one-sided. It lasted about two minutes.

Scrappy was the official timekeeper. He banged on the water bucket and Parmenter squared off. Fisher bent down in the strangest crouch you ever saw. He was almost on the deck. Parmenter didn't know whether to laugh

or not. He swung five or six times at Fisher and couldn't even reach him. Fisher skittered around like a crab.

And then Parmenter made a mistake. He stepped back, flatfooted and let his gloves drop a little.

Smack, smack, smack. Fat, meaty sounds. Fisher had moved so quick we didn't know what had happened. He hit Parmenter on the jaw with a left and a right, and he nailed him on the way down with another hard left.

Jack sat on his duff, blinking. He didn't know what had happened. He got up, glassy-eyed and bore in.

"Make him stop," yelled Fisher. "Stop the fight."

But we stood there with our mouths open.

Fisher kept yelling for us to stop the fight. But Parmenter was in there all the time, swinging, bulling, grunting, and flailing. He didn't touch Fisher. He didn't come close. He wore himself out on the air. And then Fisher came out of his crouch, fast—and the fight was over.

As soon as I pulled off Fisher's gloves, he ran over and tried to help with Parmenter. The second bucket of water brought old Jack around.

"You hurt?" asked Fisher.

Parmenter shook his head.

"Thank God," said Fisher.

NOBODY spoke to him on the way back to the squadroom. He got his transfer to Quantico the next day, and nobody wished him good luck, go to hell, or anything.

We hadn't liked him before. But now that we figured he hadn't been bragging about any of it, we hated his guts.

The other guys never mentioned Fisher again. But I got to thinking about him. The decathlon and that movie star who was chasing him.

Jack Parmenter saw his picture first.

It was in the newspaper. A big write-up on the sports page. Lieutenant Inchebold Fisher had made a clean sweep in the AAU trials.

"Inchebold," sneered Parmenter.

"Betty Schmidt will get him now," I said.

The boys lit in on me. "Yeah," they said. "You fell for his snow job. That—windbag."

About a week later Mike Koscis was drooling over the movie section of a Sunday supplement.

"Boinnng!" he squealed. "Look, it's Betty at the Beach."

I looked. In a bathing suit la Schmidt is wonderful. She had a hold of a guy's arm. A guy in Marine uniform.

"See," said Mike. "He's trying to get away from her. He's crazy."

"Yes, he is," I agreed.

The picture was blurred. But it was Fisher.

END



Fisher fought from the strangest crouch you ever saw



DESTRUCTION OF THE JUDAH

ON the night of September 13, 1861, an expedition set out from the frigate *Colorado*. It consisted of the first launch and first, second and third cutters and their crews. The whole force was limited to 100 officers, sailors and Marines. Their two objectives were—the destruction of the Confederate privateer, *Judah*, lying off the Pensacola Navy Yard, and the spiking of a gun battery in the southeast end of the yard.

The attack was launched on the morning of the 14th at 0330. The schooner mounted one pivot and two broadside guns. Moored to the wharf, it was protected by a battery and field piece on shore. The *Judah*'s crewmen showered their assailants with a volley of musket fire as the boats approached the vessel. After desperate resistance, they were forced from the deck of the schooner to the dock where the fighting continued.

Here the defenders rallied and were joined by the guard which fired steadily upon the attacking Marines and seamen. During the battle the *Judah* was ignited and cut loose from her moorings. She was in flames as she drifted down the river to Fort Barrancas where she sank.

The party assigned to spike the guns of the fort became separated in the darkness and confusion. Only two men were able to locate the objective. The solitary guard who was walking post on the battery gun raised his piece to fire, but was shot down before he could take aim. The gun, a 10-inch Columbiad, was immediately put out of action by driving a spike into its touch hole and the men returned to ship.

Only 15 minutes had elapsed from the time the assault began until the mission had been accomplished. By this time the entire garrison of the yard had been aroused and the small task force pulled away, firing into the yard six rounds of cannister from their mortar.

Marine Private John Smith had been the first man to board the *Judah* and had led the attack with gallant daring. He was the only Marine killed in the action, but four others including Marine Captain Edward M. Reynolds were badly wounded by cutlass.

The Marines received high commendation from the Navy flag officer for their zeal and aggressiveness in the engagement.

END

LET THE *Chips* FALL...

... where they may. Whittling
will give you a chance to cut up
without finding yourself in the brig

MARINES always seem to be picking up curious and unusual information while roaming with the Anchor and Globe. They have learned to barbecue an alligator, pick castle locks of the 13th Century, and the technique of shrinking and stuffing an Amazon headhunter's noggin. Alligators, castles, and headhunters' heads are not always available but there are many tricky aspects to other ancient hobbies whose requisites are not as rare.

For many years, men have used a knife and a piece of wood to whittle away hours of monotony and often the result was little more than a heap of shavings. This idle hacking away at a willow branch may content the abstract or profound thinking whittler but for the Joe who doesn't want to gash his thumb while day dreaming there are a number of crafty projects which result in satisfying and interesting items.

The windows and counters of restaurants specializing in sea food often display boats in bottles. These miniature barques are supposed to stimulate the customers like a breath of fresh sea air, and like the old cigar store Indian, they symbolize the wares of the establishment. Marines might find the whittling of a wooden Indian somewhat impractical but the "ship in the bottle" trick is easy.

This article's simple instructions and drawings will give you the word on how to hand carve these model ships and place them inside small mouthed bottles. You'll snow your friends when you show them the completed project and refuse to answer their wild questions as to how you got the fully rigged ship inside the bottle.

By Lieut. Clifford E. McCollam, USMC



In a nut shell, here is the secret of putting the tall masted sailing ship model in the bottle:

The ship is completed in all details outside the bottle. A small hole is drilled near the base of each mast pole and a wire run through this hole to hinge the mast to the ship's deck. A rigging line made of black thread is attached to the top of each mast. These lines are threaded through small holes drilled in the bowsprit and extended through the bottle's mouth. Two other threads attached to each mast are tied to opposite sides of the ship's stern. These lines hold the mast firmly upright when the bowsprit thread is pulled taut.

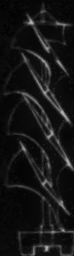
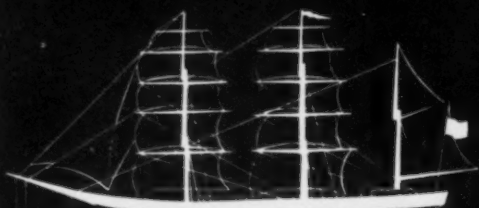
By this system the entire mast and sail structure of the model can be folded flat to permit easy insertion of the completed project into the bottle.

After it is inside, the bowsprit lines, attached to the mast tops and extending out through the mouth of the bottle, are pulled taut and made secure at the bowsprit. Your model has opened and spread its sails in the manner of an umbrella.

By following this step-by-step outline your ship-in-the-bottle will become a reality after a single evening of hobbycrafting.

Select a suitable bottle with at least a three-quarter inch opening in the neck. A clear glass triangular type pinch bottle makes an attractive housing. Round, square, or other shapes have also been used quite successfully.





A GRAND HOBBY



CARVING



MASTS AND CROSS TREES HINGED FLAT

Thoroughly wash the bottle in warm water to which a little common soda has been added. Rinse in cold water before drying. Soda gives the glass a shine which adds greatly to the finished product.

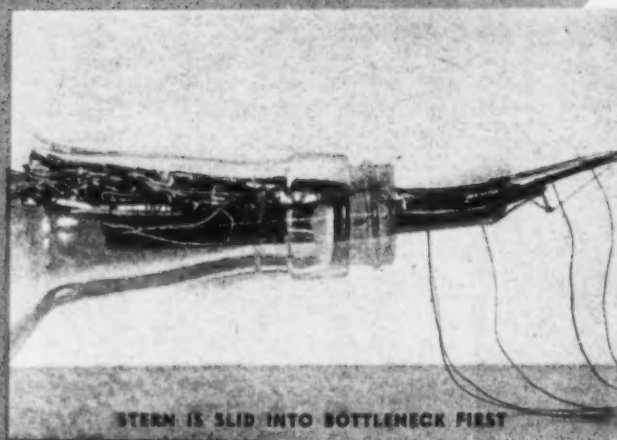
Whittle out the hull of the ship, keeping its deck width slightly less than the distance across the mouth of the bottle. Cut a shallow slot along the bottom of the hull. Sandpaper the wood to a smooth finish.

Paste narrow strips of thin wood or tough bond paper on each side of the hull to form the bulwark. Whittle out the bowsprit. Drill a fine hole near its tip for each of the bowsprit lines, and attach it to the bow of the hull. Cut out the deck houses from wood scraps and cement them to the deck. Other hand made or cast metal fittings, wheels, life boats, ladders, and lights may be added.

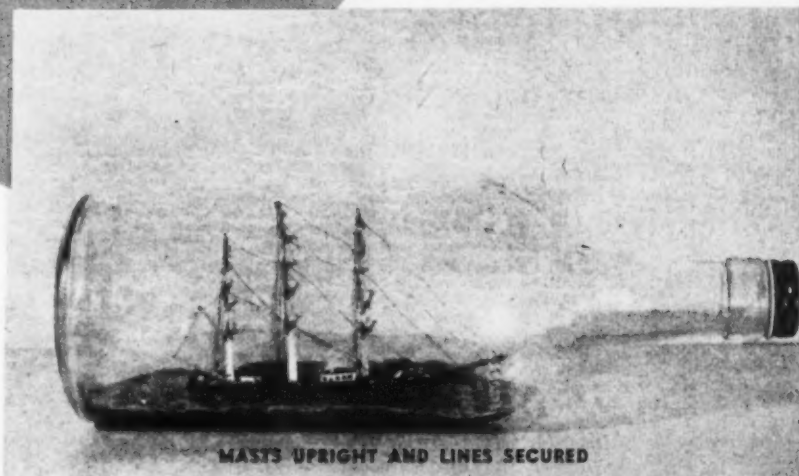
At this point it is best to paint the ship's hull and fittings. They must be thoroughly dry before the model is placed inside the bottle.

A primary coat of thin shellac will improve the model's appearance. Quick-drying gray, black, or brown are the colors most commonly used to paint the hull top. Below the water line the lower portion of the hull and the keel are often painted red.

The masts, which will be attached later, usually remain natural. Apply a coat of thin, clear shellac and sandpaper them.



STEM IS SLID INTO BOTTLENECK FIRST



MASTS UPRIGHT AND LINES SECURED

LET THE *Chips* FALL...

... where they may. Whittling
will give you a chance to cut up
without finding yourself in the brig

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By Lieut. Clifford E. McCollam, USMC



FULL-RIGGED MODEL OF SEA WITCH

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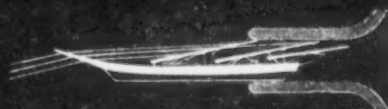
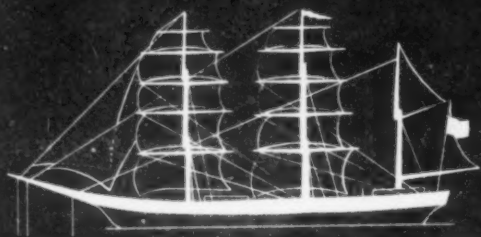
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A GRAND HOBBY



CARVING



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A primary coat of thin shellac will improve the model's appearance. Quick-drying gray, black, or brown are the colors most commonly used to paint the hull top. Below the water line the lower portion of the hull and the keel are often painted red.

The masts, which will be attached later, usually remain natural. Apply a coat of thin, clear shellac and sandpaper them.



STERN IS SLID INTO BOTTLENECK FIRST



MASTS UPRIGHT AND LINES SECURED

LET THE CHIPS FALL . . . (cont.)

Realistic looking masts are built up by overlapping and joining the ends of three short, rounded sticks of decreasing size. Glue each joint and wrap it with heavy thread. Fasten the cross-arms to the masts with heavy thread but do not glue them. These cross-arms must be attached in a flexible manner so they can be swung up along side the mast when you are ready to insert the ship.

AFTER completing the masts, locate their positions on the deck and drill two small holes for each one. Insert a wire through the hole you previously drilled in the base of the mast and then through the two holes in the ships' deck. Twist the wire's ends together in the hollow slot beneath the hull. Make certain the masts hinge freely forward and aft.

Now tie a thread around the top of the foremast and draw it through the first hole in the bowsprit. Hold the mast up in position and wrap the thread around the tip of the bowsprit a few times so the mast will stay up.

Next, tie two threads directly below the topmast. Pierce the deck on opposite sides of the stern; draw the threads through the deck holes and tie them on the hull bottom. Be sure that these threads are strong and taut because they will support the mast when it is pulled up inside the bottle.

Each mast is guyed in this fashion. When all are completed, loosen the threads leading forward to the bow and test the hinging action of the masts. You should be able to lower and raise them into position without difficulty. If everything operates as it should, add the other rigging lines and glue sails to the crossarms. Sails may be cut from stiff white cloth and rolled around a pencil before they are mounted. A curl will remain in each sail to give the effect of wind billowing white canvas on a racing sea.



Wooden ball-in-cage and chain link are quickly whittled with sharp pocketknife

The water upon which this ship will sail is produced by rolling a little blue paint into some putty and a sprinkling of plaster of paris. This blue dough is worked into a long, thin strip and dropped into the bottle. With a stick or heavy wire, press the plastic mass into miniature waves. Make a small swab on another stick and wipe off any smears you may have made on the inside of the bottle.

The great moment is now at hand. Fold up the ship's crossarms and lay the masts back. Slip the model through the neck of the bottle and press it down into the putty. With the aid of a small wire hook and the bowsprit lines extending from the bottle's mouth, pull up the masts. Twist the threads together and cement them to the sprit projecting from the ship's bow.

The extra lengths of thread dangling from the bottles' neck should be cut off close to the bowsprit. Use a piece of razor blade on the end of a stick to do this trimming inside the bottle.

The boat is bottled and our project completed. Seal the bottle in any manner that is convenient but make certain that it is airtight.

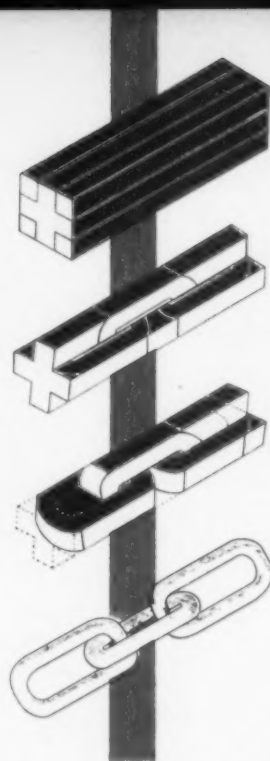
Whittling is one of the oldest and easiest of the handicrafts. Some of man's earliest historical records mention wood as the most commonly accepted carver's material.

An account written by Colonel Sir Arthur Fremantle, British observer with the Confederate Army at the Battle of Gettysburg, readily indicates that whittling has not been the monopoly of idle hands and empty heads. Sir Arthur's record tells of one morning's dawn when he watched Generals Robert E. Lee and A. P. Hill as they stood beneath a tree planning the day's action and "assisting their deliberations by the truly American custom of whittling sticks."

The whittling you may do, whether it is one of the projects described in this article or some more elaborate undertaking, can be accomplished with



Long wire probe is used to straighten crossarms and lines of completed ship



Principal steps in marking and cutting a wooden block for hand carved chain

the simplest of tool kits—the only tool you absolutely need for whittling is a sharp knife.

If you use a regular two bladed jack-knife, sharpen it often. To whet a blade, first lubricate the stone with a few drops of machine oil. Move the blade in straight lines parallel with the axis of the oilstone. The final razor edge is achieved by stropping your knife on smooth oiled leather.

MANY whittlers dispense with sharpening by using the several types of patented cutting tools whose blades are inter-changeable and renewable. When one of these blades becomes dull it is slipped from the handle and a new one is inserted in its place—the whittling is resumed with a factory sharp knife.

A hand drill with various size bits, wood files, and a glue pot will often prove useful to the whittler.

The following are a baker's dozen of general rules for good whittling:

Take plenty of time on all your work. Whittling requires patience and each project requires a certain amount of time. Many beginners spoil what might have been good whittling by rushing some of the earlier operations.

Exercise care and judgment in selecting the wood you use. Try to select dry, seasoned wood with a straight, regular grain, free from knots, gnarls and pitchy or sappy areas.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)

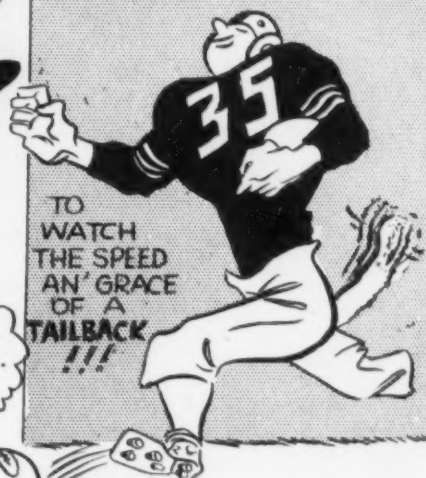
FOOTBALL'S HERE AGAIN

...WITH
IT'S **T**
FORMATIONS
!!!

YOUSE IS
MOST KIND
DEAR!

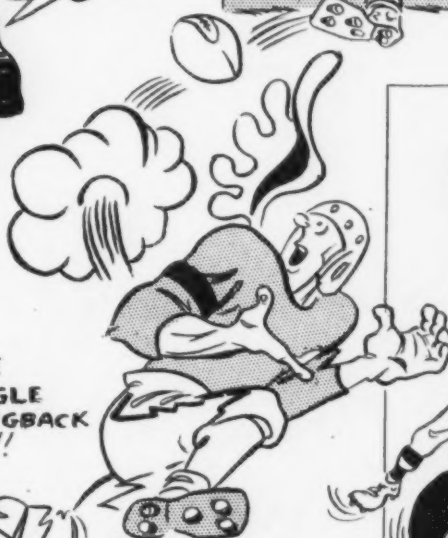
WOULD YOUSE
LIKE ONE LUMP...
....OR TWO?!!

TO
WATCH
THE SPEED
AN' GRACE
OF A
TAILBACK
!!!



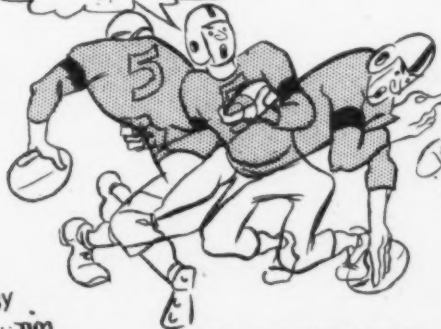
DIS IS
AUFUL
SWEET
OF YOUSE.

...THE
SINGLE
WINGBACK
!!!



THE POWER OF
AN...UNBALANCED
LINE!!

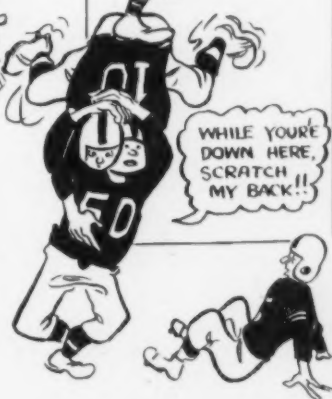
IT'S A GOOD
THING IM TRIPLETS.



BY
...JIM
MACHIN

....THE EXCITEMENT
AND DECEPTION
OF THE...TRIPLE
REVERSE !!

WHILE YOU'RE
DOWN HERE,
SCRATCH
MY BACK!!



AN
NOT
TO
FORGET
THE OLE
DOUBLE
WINGBACK
!!!

by Sgt. Spencer Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer

OLYMPIC RIFLEMEN

VERY seldom during the peacetime years does the Marine Corps Reserve get the opportunity to demonstrate its proficiency in helping to uphold the Corps' long established military prestige—especially on the rifle range.

But this, the year of the XIV Olympiad, is the clutch spot the Reservists seem to have been waiting for.

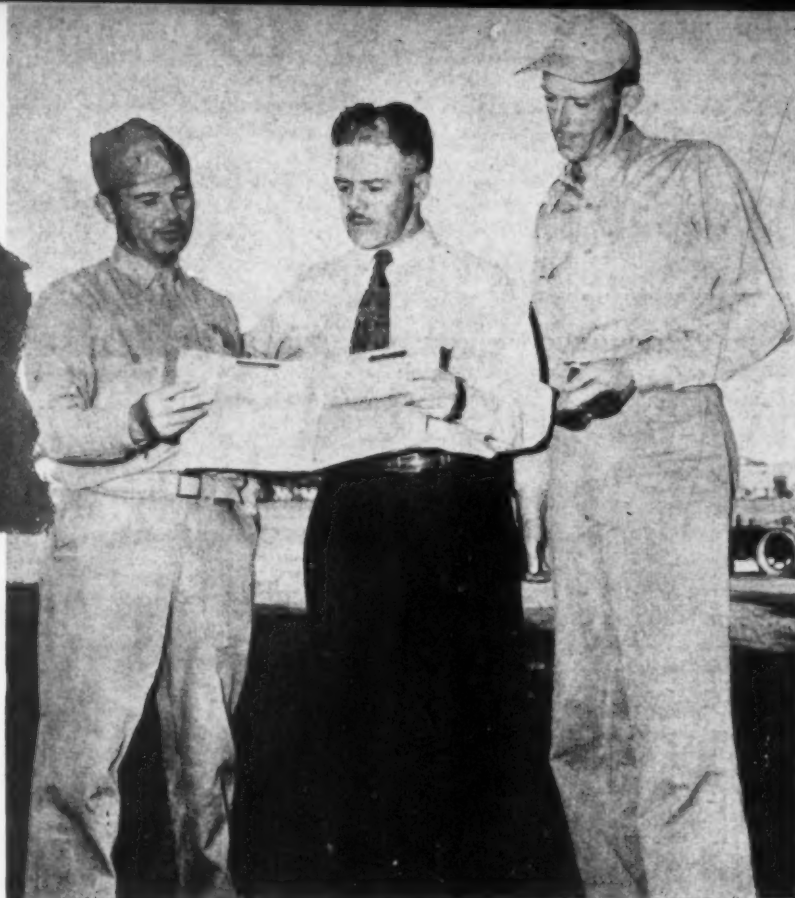
The Olympic Committee in charge of selecting Uncle Sam's rifle and pistol teams chose the famed ranges of Quantico for the final team try-outs. Only one of the regular Corps' renowned big time shooters competed in this year's tryouts.

Perhaps after training for the Corps' own matches for so long with the service rifle, the M1, there just wasn't enough time left to adjust themselves to the differences in rifles used. For instance, in Olympic competition, the rifle matches are divided into large and small bore categories, .30 cal. and .22 cal. In addition, the rifle is in the "free" class.

Perhaps after those many months of divisional and Corps match shooting, they were tired and didn't feel like any more competition for awhile. For, while shooting can be worlds of fun, those big-time, nerve-wracking matches can "beat" a man down.

At any rate, it was into this void that the Reservists boldly strode with their weapons, ready to meet all-comers, the best rifle and pistol shots within the confines of the United States.

The first shooter to qualify for a berth on the American Olympic Squad was Lieutenant Colonel Walter R. Walsh, USMCR, now on active duty at HQMC. Col. Walsh gained second place during the first day of the two-day competition, and maintained his steady pace during the second half of the competition to come out with an



The Corps' Olympic shooters. (l-r) LtCol. Walter R. Walsh, slow-fire, pistol; LtCol. Emmett Swanson, rifle; and Major Phillip R. Roettinger, rapid-fire, pistol

aggregate score of 2122 out of a possible 2400. He was only seven points behind the winner, Quentin Brooks, of Berkeley, Calif.

In the third spot was Technical Sergeant Huelet L. Benner, U. S. Army, of Fort Knox, Kentucky. Sgt. Benner won the 1947 All around pistol championship at Camp Perry, Ohio.

At the conclusion of the rapid fire competition, the name of Major Phillip R. Roettinger, USMCR, was slid into the second place slot on the score board, thereby insuring him a spot on the rapid fire team. Major Roettinger scored 2241, two points behind winner Lieutenant John B. Layton, of the Washington, D. C., Police Department.

In the .30 cal. free rifle match, in which all three positions, standing, kneeling and prone, are fired from the 300-meter line, the Marine Corps Reserve captured a first place. The winner was Lieutenant Colonel Emmett "Doc" Swanson, USMCR, from Minneapolis, Minn. Col. Swanson, a dentist in civilian life, made a hurried trip to Quantico from Camp Lejeune, where his Reserve unit was in the middle of their two-week active duty period.

Col. Swanson moved into first place

early in the firing and maintained his lead position throughout, finishing with an aggregate 2085 out of a possible 2400, and 13 points ahead of his closest competitor, Frank Parsons, of Chevy Chase, Md.

Of the 12-man Olympic rifle and pistol team, the armed forces have furnished 33 1/3 per cent of the personnel, the Marine Corps Reserve with three and the U. S. Army, one.

The American Squad members are as follows:

SLOW-FIRE PISTOL TEAM

Quentin Brooks, Berkeley, Calif.
LTCOL. WALTER R. WALSH, USMCR
T/Sgt. Huelet L. Benner, USA, Ft. Knox, Ky.

RAPID-FIRE PISTOL TEAM

Lt. John B. Layton, Washington, D. C. Police
MAJ. PHILLIP R. ROETTINGER, USMCR
Frank B. Chow, San Francisco, Calif.

300-METER FREE RIFLE (.30 CAL)

LTCOL. EMMETT SWANSON, USMCR
Frank Parsons, Jr., Chevy Chase, Md.
Arthur C. Jackson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SMALL BORE RIFLE (.22 CAL)

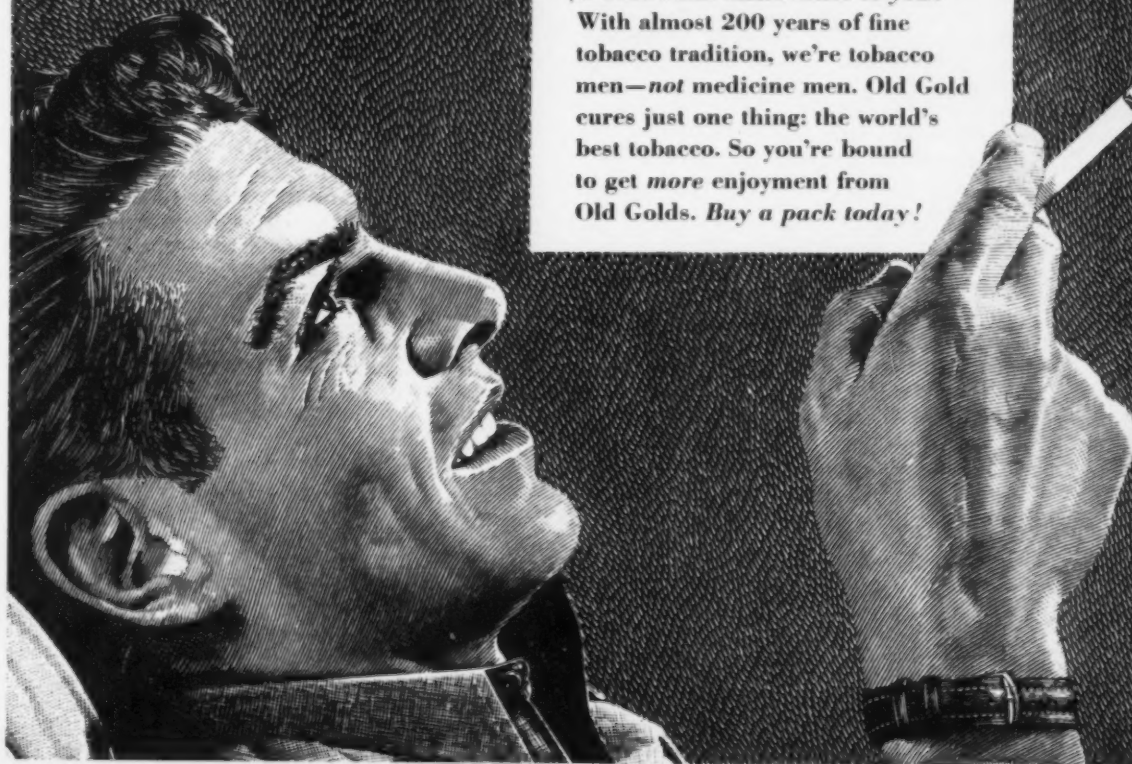
Walter Tomsen, Flushing, N. Y.
Arthur C. Cook, Washington, D. C.
Vaughn Call, New Haven, Conn.

Pleasure yourself, Friend!

Change to a **TREAT**
instead of a **TREATMENT...**
TODAY smoke
Old Golds!



Doesn't this make sense to you?
With almost 200 years of fine
tobacco tradition, we're tobacco
men—not medicine men. Old Gold
cures just one thing: the world's
best tobacco. So you're bound
to get *more* enjoyment from
Old Golds. *Buy a pack today!*



SOUND OFF

[continued from page 3]

"A FIRST SERGEANT MAJOR"

Sirs:

Have noticed your May 1948 issue and was particularly interested in the cover. Your artist must be a clown and I'm laughing myself sick over the "FIRST SERGEANT MAJOR" or what have you. Four up and three down with a diamond in the center. I wouldn't write except that I hate to have anyone think I didn't notice. How many other suckers have you hooked?

PFC Lionel Schnurr
Cherry Point, N.C.

● Examine the lighter colored stripes. The artist intended these to signify rate and you will find that your "First Sergeant Major" has three up and two down with a diamond in the middle, the old first sergeant's rate when he was a second paygrader.—Ed.



ALOFA TO SAMOANS

Sirs:

In reference to the letter from Master Sergeant Judkins at Tutuila, American Samoa, (June *Leatherneck*—Ed.) concerning the derivation of the word "fale"—I may be able to add a little light to the subject.

According to writers who knew Samoa before World War II, the Samoan people migrated from the west to Samoa and then north to the Hawaiian Islands. Originally the language of the Samoans and Hawaiians were one and the same, as were other languages of the Polynesian race.

Over a period of time, due to the lack of proper communications between the islands, the language developed differences. In short, I doubt if anyone knows whether "fale" or "hale" was the original word for house. . . .

MSgt. Judkins is greatly envied by this writer. I spent over two years on Tutuila, working and living with the Samoan people. Many Samoans will remember me, especially in the village of Utulei. I operated and maintained the longest railway in Samoa, the hoist on the mountain side of Utulei. I also assisted in building the air base which was originally the village of Tafuna. If Sgt. Judkins reads this I hope that he will give my "alofa" (best regards) to those whom I consider among the best friends I ever had.

Sgt. Donald D. Talbot
Joliet, Ill.

Know Your Leaders



Lieutenant General Thomas Eugene Watson

LIEUTENANT General Thomas Eugene Watson became Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, on January 1, 1948, nearly 36 years after he had enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps.

He was born on January 18, 1892, in Oskaloosa, Iowa, and attended Penn College there before enlisting on November 11, 1912. He was commissioned a second lieutenant on October 20, 1916, before completing his first cruise.

A three-year tour of duty in the Dominican Republic followed, including the first of many clashes with bandits in the "banana wars." After a year in the States, he went back to the Dominican Republic, this time for duty with the Guardia Nacional.

The next five years were spent in the school of jungle warfare in Haiti and Nicaragua. Many of the Marine Corps' top World War II leaders gleaned valuable experience in these countries and used it to advantage in the Pacific 20 years later.

He attended Field Officer's School at Quantico, and remained as an instructor. Later, he studied at the Army War College in Washington.

As commander of a tactical group of Army and Marine personnel, he received the Distinguished Service Medal for the capture of Eniwetok Atoll.

Six weeks later, he led the Second Marine Division in the bitter struggle for Saipan and Tinian Islands, for which he received a Gold Star in lieu of a second Distinguished Service Medal.

The citation accompanying the Gold Star credits him with "fearlessly moving ashore with his men during the critical period of the operation, he established his headquarters near the Japanese lines and personally directed his troops with brilliant tactical skill and aggressive determination against vigorous opposition, successfully routing the enemy."

"Although the division was depleted in numerical strength and physical endurance by 25 days of heavy fighting on Saipan, he expeditiously reorganized his forces and attained a high state of combat readiness for the subsequent landing on Tinian."

"Distinguishing himself by his indomitable fighting spirit and inspiring leadership throughout these hazardous operations, Major General Watson contributed in large measure to the success of the vital Marianas Campaign."

After the war, he commanded the Second Division again at Camp Lejeune until he received the FMF, Pac command.

SOUND OFF (cont.)

FROM THE ROYAL MARINES

Sirs:

Recently this Port was honoured by the visit of the United States Aircraft Carrier *Valley Forge*. Several members of our detachment were invited on board and we would like to express our thanks for the courtesy shown us. The Marine detachment of the *Valley Forge* were invited on board our ship, which is also an aircraft carrier, but owing to the heavy demand on their time at the various social functions arranged for them previously, were unable to accept. However, we did have an opportunity of meeting them, and during this time I was given a copy of the *Leatherneck* (or Bootneck, as we are called). During the course of conversation the *Valley Forge* detachment remarked on the smartness of our "Lady Marines" although we call them "Marens," which is an abbreviation of Marine Wrens, the latter word meaning Women's Royal Naval Service. To our utter amazement we learnt that you too have "Lady Marines"; shame on you for keeping them hidden. . . . Your Leathernecks and the Marens certainly got to know each other and many members of our detachment remarked that they would like to know some of the American "Lady Marines." I wonder if I could get this to the notice of some of them, and if any are interested, then perhaps I could be notified so that I could get some of the Royal Marines in this ship to write to them.

May I close by congratulating you on your magazine, which by now has been completely around the detachment. We like the articles, both humorous and serious and especially the details of some of your actions. It brings home to us the fact that the United States Marine Corps and His Majesty's Royal Marines are indeed akin.

A. V. Perrior, POx6164 Marine
Mess 63, H.M.S. *Illustrious*,
c/o FMO, Portsmouth, England.

UNDERWATER RECORD

Sirs:

I have had quite a few arguments lately as to who holds the record for the "underwater swim" for the Marine Corps. I doubt if this particular event is still being used today, but while serving with the Fourth Marines in Shanghai, China, in 1932-33, I saw one character by the name of "Nemo" Durwae drink 10 quarts of Five Star Beer, dive in the swimming pool and paddle the remarkable distance of some 240 feet. I had to divvy up for the cold ones so I'm sure of the amount of beer. Incidentally, Sgt. Vincent Boyle, now a captain, got so worked up over the event that he jumped in the pool with all his clothes on.

MSgt. Leo Rich

MarBks, T.I.,
San Francisco, Calif.

● *There seems to be no record of any underwater competition in the Marine Corps, so the record is open—Ed.*

WHAT IS COMBAT "V"

Sirs:

I recently received a permanent citation (Bronze Star) for acting on Okinawa. With this citation came authorization to wear the "Combat V."

If you will excuse my ignorance, just what is a "Combat V," how and where is it worn and where could I obtain one? No one around here, including myself, has ever heard of it.

Name withheld

Thief River, Minn.

● *There are many men, out of the service who never heard of this fairly new addition to combat awards. The Bronze Star was originally intended as a combat award, but as the war progressed it became common to see this decoration awarded for "building any kind of mousetrap." When many protested this promiscuous awarding of the decoration for non-combatative duty, it was decided to add a distinguishing device to the medal to differentiate between heroism on the battlefield and award of the decoration for non-combatant services. Thus the "Combat V" was born for the men who got their medal the hard way. Later it was also used on the Letter of Commendation ribbon and the Legion of Merit. It is a small bronze "V" and is centered on the ribbon with the point of the "V" to the bottom. Most any Army, Navy or Marine Post Exchange will have them.—Ed.*



NOT BOTH CITATIONS

Sirs:

Is it possible for a man to rate the Presidential Unit Citation and the Navy Unit Citation for the same battle?

Here is the story: The man in question was a member of the 31st Replacement Draft, which received the Navy Unit Citation for service with the support troops at Iwo Jima. Ten days after the landing the 31st Draft was broken up and all members were transferred to various combat units. This man was attached to the Twenty-eighth Regiment as a stretcher bearer for the remaining 25 days the Twenty-eighth was on Iwo. Upon arriving in Hilo, Hawaii, he was transferred to the Fifth Division, 5th Engineer Battalion, H&S Company, which also rated the PUC. What's the story?

E. McMahon

Norwalk, Ohio.

● *No, he cannot rate both awards for the same operation, and will probably be awarded the Presidential Unit Citation for his services with the Twenty-eighth Marines.—Ed.*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)

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FABULOUS FIGHTER

[continued from page 19]

Rome, beat 'em at their own game." He quickly learned the entire Jap repertoire of mayhem, and became more proficient at it than his instructors. Years later, training Marines for combat against the Japs, he was invaluable.

All of his deadly skills were combined with his boxing prowess. Obviously he was no man to argue with. At one time he was amateur heavy-weight champion of America, and although he was only of medium height, and weighed but 175 pounds, he feared no one and held his own with the best of them.

Early in 1917 he enlisted in the Marine Corps, and in March of that year was commissioned a captain in the Reserve. His rough and ready reputation had preceded him into the Corps, and he was put to work as an instructor in close fighting. He did duty in France, as an instructor, and then was returned to the States and assigned to Quantico, where he continued his rugged teaching. While at Quantico he is said to have given Gene Tunney his first real boxing lesson. By this time a major, and already famous for his skill in combat, Biddle continued his duties as instruc-

tor throughout the remainder of the war. In July 1919 he was relieved from active duty.

During the post World War I period he continued to travel, learning new arts and sciences for the close-quarter destruction of an enemy. In December of 1925 he requested a return to active duty with the Corps. At that time Philadelphia was readying itself for the Sesquicentennial. Biddle personally trained a Marine Corps combat team, not only instructing them, but fighting with them daily. He appeared at the exhibition, giving the public a demonstration of the impressive series of fighting tactics accumulated by one man during half a lifetime.

After the Sesquicentennial, Biddle alternated on active and inactive duty, carrying out many special assignments. One of these was instruction of each graduating class of the FBI Academy. His program later became a regular part of its curriculum. He also imparted some of his knowledge to the members of the Philadelphia police force, who were having a rough time of it during the roaring twenties. An appreciable decline of gumshoe fatalities was noted.

Throughout the temporary peacetime period Biddle never forgot his first love—boxing. During World War I he had served on the Army, Navy, civilian board of boxing control, which super-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)

WELL IN AT FIVE

[continued from page 15]

Lejeune, who posted a 285 and 283 for a 568. This meant the first gold medal and a new division high mark. The former record of 556 was held by Technical Sergeant Arthur E. Snyder. Staff Sergeant Jesse A. Davenport, 8th MCRDist., New Orleans, and Captain Thurman E. Barrier, Parris Island, were tied for second with a 567.

The following day on the pistol course, Technical Sergeant Percy W. Hawes, also of Camp Lejeune, jammed home a 279 and 283 for a new mark of 562, shattering not only the division record of 543, made in 1947 by Capt. Barrier; but also the Marine Corps record of 556, which Sgt. Devine had set in 1947 while firing in the Eastern Division Matches.

The final Geographic Division Match, The Eastern, was fired at Quantico, Va., during the first week in June, just before the final Marine Corps Matches.

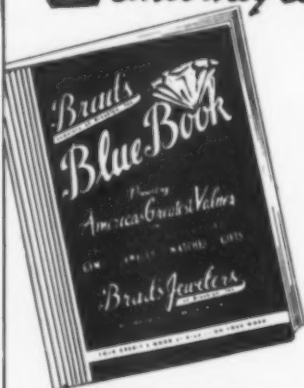
Here we had the first double winner in a long time. Col. Walsh, one of the Corps' most consistent trophy winners, took the individual rifle title with a 284-282 an aggregate 566, two points under his Eastern Division mark of 568, established in 1947. Coming back the following day on the pistol range, Col. Walsh ran up a 286-272 or 558 total. This topped Devine's division record of 556, which was also the Corps record until Hawes' remarkable feat during the previous week at Camp Lejeune.

The presentation of awards ceremonies following the last match will be long remembered. General L. C. Shepherd, Jr., Commanding General of Quantico, invited, in addition to General C. B. Cates, Commandant of the Marine Corps, some of the Corps' most outstanding old-time shooters to participate in the presentation.

Last year after the records were set, it was the general opinion that they would stand for at least a few years. After witnessing the all-out assault on the high-gun marks in all the matches this year, the writer will stick his neck out and state, with firm conviction, that all these new records will stand until . . . at the very earliest, the next shooting season.

The present day marksmen are getting mighty rough. It's time that the National Matches were reinstituted, that is, the matches for the service rifle. The shooters have definitely demonstrated this year that the Corps could field a match team as good as any that ever represented the Corps.

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Summary of the U.S. Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Matches

T/SGT. HAWES NEW PISTOL RECORD Made in Southeastern Division

50 yds. Slow Fire	25 yds. Time Fire	25 yds. Rapid Fire	Agg.
89	97	93	279
90	100	93	283
			562

NEW INTER-DIVISION PISTOL RECORD Made by Western Division at Quantico, Va.

	50 yds. Slow Fire	25 yds. Time Fire	25 yds. Rapid Fire	Agg.
DELAHUNT, RAMES O., MSGT.	88	97	79	264
PATTERSON, L. M., 1STLT.	87	96	90	273
COX, RALPH C., TSGT.	90	95	91	276
BILLING, MARK W., WO	92	99	96	287
FLETCHER, W. E., MSGT.	91	95	94	280
WILEY, CHAS. J., MSGT.				
	(Alternate)			
	448	482	450	1380

NEW INTER-DIVISION RIFLE TEAM RECORD Made by Southeastern Team at Quantico, Va.

	200SF	200RF	300RF	500SF	600SF	AGG.
CADE, GEO. F., MSGT.	46	46	48	48	91	279
PROBST, CARL L., MSGT.	46	46	48	50	93	283
NAVOLANIC, J. G., WO	46	47	42	49	95	279
ORR, EMMETT W., CWO	45	47	44	47	93	276
JOBLIN, LATHAN, TSGT.	46	50	48	44	97	285
KROSS, GEORGE E., 1STLT.	45	46	48	47	88	274
COMPTON, MILES E., CPL.	44	48	48	46	90	276
ANDERSON, GAIL E., WO	45	50	48	48	95	286
DEVINE, WALTER L., TSGT.	47	48	44	50	98	287
BARRIER, THURMAN E., CAPT.	46	50	48	47	95	286
	456	478	456	476	935	2811

NEW HIGH INDIVIDUAL GUNS MARINE CORPS MATCHES

M1—TSGT. BUTCHER, FRED H.—569—QUANTICO, VA. 1948
PISTOL—MSGT. WALTER E. FLETCHER, 553—QUANTICO, VA., 1948

ELLIOTT TROPHY TEAM TROPHY MATCH

2ND COMBAT SERVICE GROUP (MED), FMFATL.—1119—QUANTICO, VA. 1948

WIRGMAN TROPHY TEAM MATCH

MB, NDB, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—1101—QUANTICO, VA., 1948

PACIFIC DIVISION

** M1—SSGT. WM. J. DYNES, 570—PEARL HARBOR, T. H., 1948
PISTOL—SSGT. GUY C. GRAVES, 544—PEARL HARBOR, T. H., 1948

WESTERN DIVISION

M1—SGT. NORMAN D. FOURNIER, 569—CAMP MATTHEWS, SAN DIEGO, CALIF, 1948
PISTOL—WO MARK W. BILLING, 546—CAMP MATTHEWS, SAN DIEGO, CALIF., 1948

SO'EASTERN DIVISION

M1—MSGT. AARON C. IVEY, 569—CAMP LEJEUNE, N. C., 1948
** PISTOL—TSGT. PERCY W. HAWES, 562—CAMP LEJEUNE, N. C., 1948

EASTERN DIVISION

PISTOL—LTCOL. WALTER R. WALSH—558, QUANTICO, VA., 1948

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LN854: — Same watch as above with leather strap. \$42.50 Cash—or \$18.50 Down \$4 Monthly. \$42.50

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FABULOUS FIGHTER

[continued from page 54]

vised that sport during and immediately after the war. He had been one of the most prominent and influential backers of the Walker Bill, which legalized boxing in New York State, and had also served with the late Tex Rickard as one of the two judges at the Dempsey-Willard fight in Toledo, in 1919.

At the outbreak of World War II, Biddle was 67 years old. Immediately after Pearl Harbor he requested a return to active duty. It had been four years since his full retirement. At a time when most men are ready for a warm fire and a good pipe, he wanted to come back to groom men for the grisly job of war. He was accepted and assigned to Quantico. This began one of the most spectacular periods of his entire career, one which brought him fully into the spotlight of a character-loving nation.

Biddle worked ceaselessly to perfect the Marines' close fighting technique. He was a human dynamo. Under a torrid sun, or on a cold, biting winter day, he could be seen in the midst of a field of grunting, cursing men, watching, correcting, advising. He asked no one to do what he wouldn't do himself. One of his unalterable rules was that there would be no halfway measures during training. His science, both of



demonstration and application, was lightning quick. He knew that to demonstrate in slow motion, or to practice the holds and deft knife movements with any measure of restraint ruined the effect of the teaching. His eternal asset was speed. With hands, body or feet, he was almost too quick to follow with the eyes, and impossible to combat. When a man had been through Biddle's training his life expectancy had been considerably increased.

It was an unforgettable sight—the old man throwing young Marines in splendid condition over his shoulder like so much dead weight. He often would interrupt his charges to inter-

polate an extra twist into the routine, and if he saw a pair doping off, he would replace one of them himself. Then he would turn to the other and order him to attack.

In an instant the intended killer would be resting on his posterior, with the master grinning above him.

Biddle's World War II activities would require a volume. The man was as restless and energetic, indomitable,



efficient, and successful as any man who ever nested the twin eagles of a Marine colonel on his shoulders. He had little time for the amenities of his rank. He was always too busy. Even at 70, if anyone could show him a new trick, a quicker method for disposal of an enemy, he was gleeful. He was forever in action. Never still even in conversation, his gnarled, powerful hands, many of the bones twisted from repeated breakage, were busy gesticulating, explaining, demonstrating. A newspaperman, interviewing him for a feature article, was likely to come away limping, or with a twisted arm. The colonel always preferred to demonstrate.

It seemed that Biddle's vitality would never be exhausted. Marine bases on both coasts and boot camps and advanced training centers, all knew his powerful, erect figure, and soon learned the wisdom he preached. Unforgettable was the theme of his teaching:

"You are never without defense."

But the great machine finally broke down. In the summer of 1944, in the midst of a judo demonstration at Quantico, Biddle suffered a stroke which put a damper on the career of this dominant non-conformist. He had run his course, but even then he refused to give up. For four years he hung on, bedridden. It was an almost unendurable four years for the man whose outstanding trait had been action. Then, in May 1948, he gave it up. The doctor's report labelled his fatal illness as cerebral hemorrhage. The fire had gone out.

Ironically enough, Anthony J. Drexel Biddle was buried at Bryn Mawr, Pa., on Philadelphia's "Main Line," one of the most socially conscious neighborhoods in the world.

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 53]

SECOND DIVISION HISTORY

Sirs:

I have written to all the service book publishers and can't seem to find a history of the Second Marine Division. It seems that every Marine Division but the First and Second have a book published. Why is that?

I am a former first lieutenant in the 1st Battalion, Sixth Regiment of that division. In my local there are two officers of the Sixth Division who have books on their division. It seems that nobody in the Second Division has ambition enough to write one.

Can you give me some information regarding this situation?

Otto W. L. Stahler

Fort Plain, New York.

● *The Second Division will have a history and work has been going forward on the compilation of this book for some time. No information is available as to when it will be ready. Leatherneck will carry this information at the earliest possible date—Ed.*

WHY IS IT OBSOLETE?

Sirs:

Would you please settle an argument that has been going quite strong over here? We would like to know what the straight scoop is about the now obsolete fair leather belt. Why was it done away with? Some of the men say it was discontinued because of its potential use as a weapon. Is that true?

PFC George P. Kiskiel

Guam, M. I.

● *This is a bum dope. The fair leather belt was discontinued because of the scarcity of leather, its high cost and the desire for a lighter belt. The new jacket-style coat was another big factor, since it does not require a belt.—Ed.*

OUR UNDERRATED FLAG

Sirs:

Recently I returned from Quantico, Va. . . . While there I went to the Marine Corps Museum and was amazed to find the original Mount Suribachi flag, unguarded and partly hidden. By that I mean hidden from the general public.

I feel that a flag with such immortal significance should be displayed more prominently in a public place, such as the Smithsonian Institute. I feel this opinion will hold with that of many other Marines.

Cpl. J. D. Catlin

Camp Lejeune, N.C.

TURN PAGE



MANY Marines use the principles of navigation in their daily lives. They plan and organize their efforts, and achieve their ambitions—responsible positions, good incomes, and the satisfaction that comes to a man doing the work he likes.

OTHER men of equal ability go aground. They live unimportant, meaningless lives, rooted to stagnant, disappointing jobs with little chance for advancement. They become disillusioned, lose their self-confidence, and drift through life like rafts on the open sea, because they have no objective, no plan, no organized effort or driving ambition. Oh, they wanted to obtain the rewards of success; they had the desire, they expressed the ambition to work for it, but unfortunately the talk was never translated into action.

STOP right now and consider. What course are you steering? If you are willing to spend some of your spare time in earning the rewards of success, the Marine Corps Institute can help you. It's hard work, but nothing worthwhile is ever achieved without perspiration—that's why so many fail!

THE Institute offers over two hundred self-improvement courses for on-the-go Marines. Almost every field of endeavor is covered and you are sure to find many courses which will interest and benefit you. It is estimated that a Marine, regular or Organized Reservist, can, through MCI, obtain the equivalent of high school, college and technical training, which would cost many thousands of dollars in civil life. The cost to you—only the time necessary to complete the enrollment application below.

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GRID OUTLOOK FOR '48

[continued from page 23]

Steer makeup—notably as a passer, quarterback and leader. The blond passer was a terrific asset merely by his presence in the lineup.

Layne's replacement is a youngster, Paul Campbell. He is an expert passer, but his ability to quarterback the offense is the big questionmark that cannot be answered until the season gets underway. In the line, the 1948 picture is definitely better, with experienced men available in all positions. Texas takes on a tough schedule including SMU, North Carolina and Oklahoma. It will take a fine team plus the breaks to win the Southwest title.

Out in the far west, fans and experts alike are trying to figure out what is wrong with Pacific Coast football. Twice in a row, Coast teams have taken terrific thumpings from Big Nine elevens in the Rose Bowl. The West's pride is definitely hurt. They point to their prewar record made by some of the finest teams in the country, and ask why the situation has changed.

One writer thinks the trouble with western football lies in the fact that it's outmoded. He says it needs the "new look." Too many of the western teams still adhere to antiquated tactics, he believes. The writer adds, "Many Pacific Coast coaches regard Howard Jones' system as gospel, particularly in the schooling of linemen. Today, it's deception, speed and maneuverability that count. Even when just a yard or two are needed, a tremendous thrust at the center of the line is no longer a standby. Yet the majority of the Coast elevens can be relied upon to use that sort of play."

Whatever the reasons—whether it's lack of manpower or poor coaching—Coast fans are hoping for better days this fall. And they are looking toward Coach Lynn (Pappy) Waldorf's University of California Bears to lead the way.

It was Waldorf who took a losing 1946 California team, wracked by dissension, and with a few additions turned the Golden Bear into a winner. Cal copped nine games including a 48 to 7 rout over Wisconsin. They dropped the crucial championship game, however, when Trojans gave them a 39 to 14 wallop.

Pappy is a firm believer in the adage about never changing a winning combination. Seven first stringers and 25 lettermen greeted Waldorf for fall

practice. Waldorf's confidence in these veterans and their will to win for him is making it tough for a fine batch of new talent to crash even the second team. His backfield will be almost the same as last year with Dick Erickson, Jack Swaner, Paul Keckley and Jack Jensen. The line is also a veteran group, averaging well over 200 pounds. The Bears have the material this fall. If they duplicate last year's team spirit, they should go to the Rose Bowl.

Southern California has lost Paul Cleary, John Ferraro, Mickey McCardle and Verl Lillywhite. Southern Cal will have a new look when it opens the season against Utah. Most of the first stringers from the Rose Bowl team have graduated. One position Coach Jeff Cravath will not have to worry much about is quarterback where he has three good men in George Murphy, Jim Powers, and Dean Dill. At left half there is Don Doll, whom Cravath says could make All-American if the Trojans have a standout team. But the line is Troy's big headache. As one assistant coach stated:

"If our line prospects were as well balanced as those of our backfield, we



wouldn't be so bad off. There are too many question marks in the center of the line."

Up at Eugene, Oreg, Coach Jim Aiken and his University of Oregon team have a faint smell of roses in their nostrils. The Webfoot eleven closed out 1947 in glory, winning their last six games. They rank as a definite contender for the West Coast title this fall.

The reason for Oregon's fine finish rests mainly with Quarterback Norm Van Brocklin and End Don Garza. They were the West's finest passing combination, and will be on hand again.

Oregon gets a real break in the schedule. California is not scheduled as an opponent, and the Ducks tangle with USC at Portland—where they have a definite advantage, especially if the field is muddy. Oregon meets UCLA late in November at Los Angeles when the weather is much cooler.

That faint aroma of roses may get stronger up Oregon way as the season progresses.

END

SOUND OFF (cont.)

TIME TO TAKE STOCK

Sirs:

The Corps was once noted for its discipline, soldierly and uniform appearance, whether in the field, on parade, or on liberty. A Marine took pride in his uniform and appearance as a member of an old and respected profession. Since the war, however, it has and still is taking up considerable time to square ourselves away.

It seems to this reader that it is about time we took stock of ourselves and that officers and men made it their duty to see that uniform regulations were carried out. In regards to liberty uniform, offenders should not be allowed out of the gate until they presented a neat and soldierly appearance and in the proper uniform.

Capt. Dean N. McDowell
USS Huntington (CI-107).

● *Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon this subject. It is one of the duties of each commanding officer to see that the men under his command obey the basic principles of military neatness—or else—Ed.*

WANTS TO SEE THE BOYS

Sirs:

How about a reunion for the 7th Anti-Aircraft outfit (Range Section)? If you can print this and any of the fellows see it and are interested, they can write to me and get things started.

Daniel C. Duggan
304 East 90th St.,
New York 28, N.Y.



NOT A GENTLEMAN

Sirs:

We have just read "PFC's" letter (gripping about the girls at Barstow, Calif., ruining his spit shinned shoes at a dance—Ed) from Barstow, Calif., published in an earlier issue of *Leatherneck*. We don't quite know what to think of a fellow in the Marine Corps who will write a letter to the editor and not sign his name, especially when it concerns a lady who attends the Marine Corps anniversary dance. There are a lot of us here in China who would gladly sacrifice the shine on our shoes to dance with an American woman.

That's not much of a sacrifice, but nevertheless, we don't think much of a Marine who belittles the fairer sex, just because they have to do a little more work on their shoes.

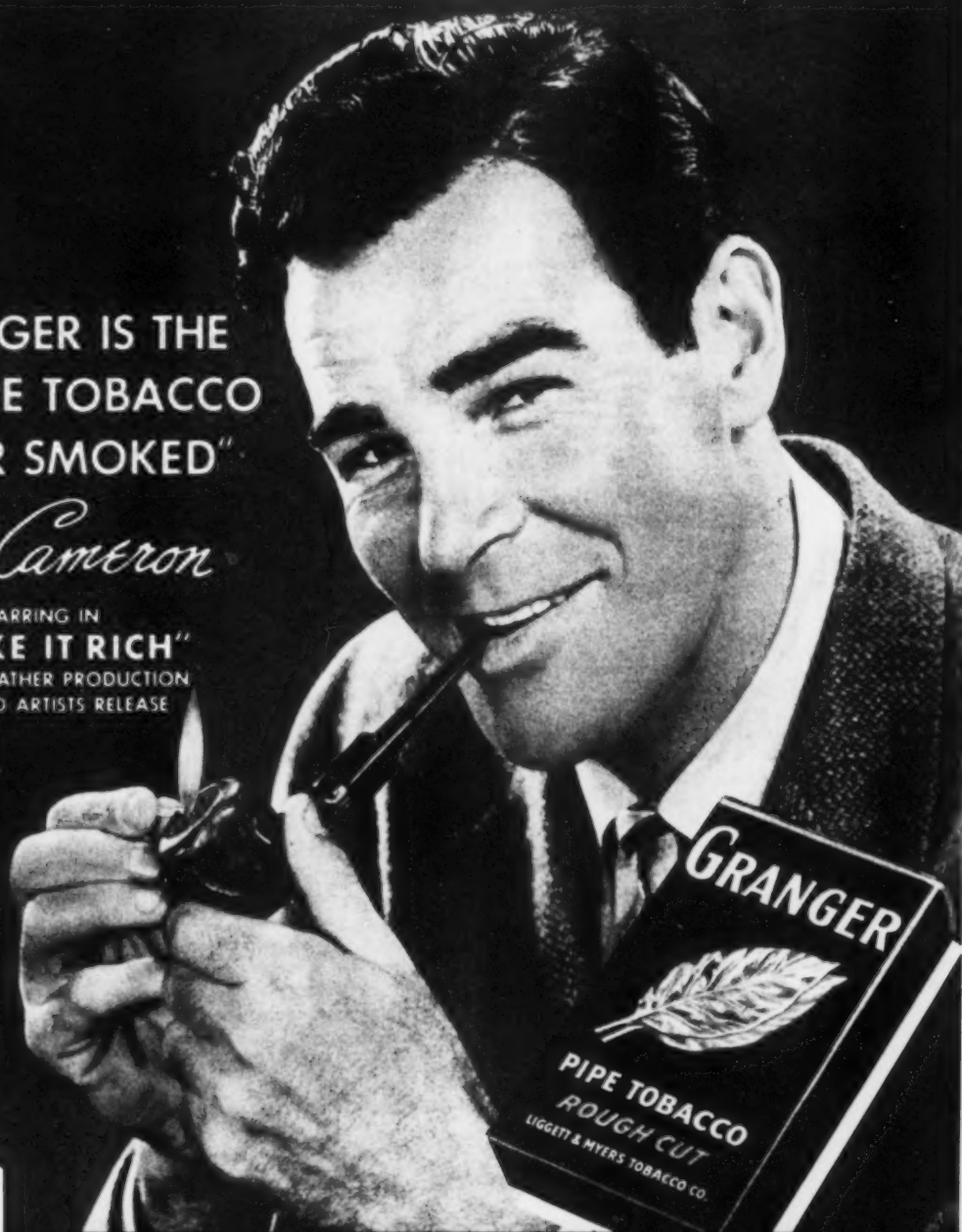
Sgt. R. M. Aaland
Cpl. V. L. Cochran
Tsingtao, China.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)

"GRANGER IS THE
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Rod Cameron

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GRANGER

MILD COOL PIPE TOBACCO

LET THE CHIPS FALL . . .

[continued from page 48]

Use good knives and keep them razor sharp at all times.

Your initial cuts should be made to sever the grain, then work toward these cuts by slicing out clean chips. This is accomplished by pressing the knife blade downward, usually at an oblique angle with the grain, so the chip will curl away from the tool as a shaving does from a carpenter's smoothing plane.

Always chip off a little at a time instead of gouging deeply into the wood.

Always keep your hands behind the tool to safeguard against accidental stabbing or slicing when the blade slips.

When possible, clamp the article you are carving to a workbench. Extra wood may be left at each end of your project for this purpose.

When the knife blade is under a chip and you are approaching a stop-cut (a vertical cut into the wood) that has been properly made, the chip you are removing will separate itself easily and naturally from the block without forcing or twisting the blade.

Beginners, or those undertaking elaborate projects, should use a drawn pattern. Follow its details carefully.

Lay out your pattern on the wood piece so that the longest dimension runs with the wood grain. Whittling with the grain is always easier than across the grain. If you enlarge or decrease the size of any article, remember to increase or decrease each measurement proportionately.

When you accidentally slice off a finished section of your work from the remaining part of the project, grit your teeth until the sickening feeling passes, then grab a glue pot. After the glued joint has hardened you can smooth it off with fine sandpaper.

Don't spoil a good piece of whittling by finishing it with heavy varnish or paint which will destroy the delicate curves and sharp lines you have striven so hard to secure. Thin shellac, oil stains, or a thin wash of paint will provide a good finish.

If you've ever watched a bunch of old codgers sitting around the pot-bellied stove in a rural general store whittling away with their jackknives, you will probably remember seeing at least one of them carve a piece of wooden chain. Although this wooden chain has no practical use, other than as a decoration, it never fails to puzzle and amaze those who see a piece of it

for the first time. Each link in the chain is a solid, unbroken loop of wood. An examination under the most powerful magnifying glass will give no hint of the method by which one link is joined to another.

This is an exercise in wood carving which calls for careful patience rather than artistic ability. When you have mastered its technique you will be able to tackle the most elaborate whittling projects with a high degree of confidence.

A chain with three large links is best for beginners.

Use a length of soft wood such as white pine. A practical size for the block is one inch square by four inches long. This block should be accurately cut and planned exactly square. It must be straight grained, free from all kinds of knots or sappy areas and well seasoned.

The first step is to draw parallel lines the length of the block, see illustration No. 1. Mark each of the two square ends, as shown, to form a cross.

Whittle the block or cut it on a table saw so that it will look like the figure shown in illustration No. 2. Draw the guide lines shown in the second illustration, making each link about two inches long. Continuing this pattern through the cross, complete the oval of each link.

When the links are completely outlined in pencil on the wood, cut away the excess as shown in the third illustration.

Next, the insides of the two end links must be cut out, and a very thin cut must be made between the inside



of each link and the faces of the middle link. This step is difficult and requires the utmost care to avoid splitting.

Use a small, sharp blade and finish separating the links. This demands slow and painstaking work but careful cutting will result in a perfect separation of the links.

After the links are separated, they are trimmed and sandpapered to look like the chain shown in illustration No. 4.

After a bit of practice in making short lengths, you can try your skill at whittling a continuous chain. This chain is made in the same way as the little three link one, except that when the pattern is laid out it runs around four sides of a wooden rectangle.

That's it Marine! Sharpen up your knife and start whacking away. **END**

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 58]

WILL DISCUSS BARSTOW

Sirs:

I have just finished reading an article in Sound Off concerning the plight of one PFC at Barstow, Calif. I was really amused. Having spent about eight and a half months in that hole, kicking rocks and sand around, I can't understand why he even bothered to spit shine his shoes. Just walking from the old "C" barracks to the Main Gate would put a pair of boon-dockers in shape for the next survey.

As for the dances, another laugh. I never went to one that was crowded enough to rate a pair of fouled up shoes. Maybe the feminine population has increased since I was there.

I might add that I will be glad to cuss and discuss the merits of that place with anyone that was there from 1 January 1946 until 1 September of the same year. I can be reached c/o Inspector and Instructor, 18th Inf. Bn., USMCR/o.

PFC Walter J. Mendon, Jr.
Fort Omaha, Nebr.

SLOP CHUTE

Sirs:

I imagine that I am a little inquisitive but Corporal Hogan and myself recently argued the point about where the expression "Slop Chute" was derived from.

We have heard many different opinions on the expression and I would like to hear the correct explanation.

Cpl. James Schrup
Vallejo, Calif.

● Aboard ships a slopchute is a receptacle for the disposal of garbage, and according to an unidentified wit, some of the beer that Marines and sailors used to buy in foreign ports tasted like it had been brewed in the slopchute. Putting the two together, slopchute naturally became a place to get beer.—Ed.

WRONG AIRPLANE

Sirs:

In the February issue of the magazine, in the article "Sky Freights," by PFC Paul Hicks, it was stated that Col. Neil McIntyre was flying an R4D ferrying fighters into Saipan. However, it is my belief that the colonel was flying an R5C (Curtis Commando). I base this opinion on the fact that I was in VMR 252, of which Colonel McIntyre was CO.

Now that I've got that one off my chest just keep on sending the Leatherneck this way, and I'll be looking for plenty of other gripes about this deal.

Neil K. Davis
Gothenburg, Nebr.

● You may be correct, however, PFC Hicks informs us that he took the disputed fact from material being compiled for a history of naval aviation.—Ed. **END**



JUNE HAYER

*What does you say about a
lovely girl in a sweater?*



Books Reviewed

THE SEA CHASE. By Andrew Geer. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$3.00

MARINE Major Geer has drawn upon his varied and colorful sea-going background to depict this highly adventurous yarn of man's continuing struggle against the elements in a setting of World War II nautical intrigue.

The Nazi invasion of Poland finds the 1896 vintage, coal-burning freighter *Ergenstrasse* riding at anchor in Sydney, Australia, while her master, ruthless but capable Karl Erhlich, shrewdly gains British clearance of the harbor only a few short hours before the official declaration of war. Aboard a Nazi agent, Elsa Schweppe, who is to be the sole woman passenger, the long and arduous flight to Germany begins.

Unable to take aboard sufficient coal to carry his ship to the neutral port of Valparaiso, Chile, Erhlich evades the pursuing British light cruiser, *Rockhampton* and takes refuge in the Tuamoto Archipelago. It is here that the entire crew go on half rations, subsist on the fish they are able to catch, and suffer health-destroying hardships for 59 days as they cut enough wood to be used as fuel to continue on to Valparaiso.

Despite a tight cordon of British ships at the entrance to Valparaiso harbor, the *Ergenstrasse* slips in under cover of heavy fog, takes aboard life-giving coal, and again performs an almost impossible feat as she flees while all available British ships are sinking the famous *Graf Spee* at Montevideo.

The gallant old hulk continues on through the waters of Newfoundland and Greenland without mishap, barely escaping annihilation from a crippling Arctic Circle storm. Reaching the waters of Fro Havet off the coast of Norway, Erhlich senses victory and the accompanying plaudits of a grateful German nation—only to taste the bitterness of defeat when a small British boarding party scuttles his ship and takes the crew prisoners.

There can be little doubt that this robust novel will hold the male reader in its grasp from cover to cover with its highly descriptive flavor and brilliant character analysis. —R.A.C.

HIT THE BEACH! Your Marine Corps In Action. William P. McCahill, Major, USMCR, Consulting Editor. William H. Wise & Co., N. Y. \$4.95

A PHOTOGRAPHIC epic of Marine amphibious land, sea and air actions of World War II told by the Marines who launched the first Allied offensive and fought the last battle of the Pacific war, "Hit the Beach!" presents the most complete pictorial record of Marines' battles to be found under a single cover.

No war, nor any other human endeavor of similar magnitude, has ever been as completely documented photographically as World War II. The Marines were in action from the time the first shots were fired at Pearl Harbor, Wake, Guam and the Philippines, until the last gun was silenced on Okinawa and the occupation forces moved on to Japan. Their story in pictures and explanatory captions, along with statements by a number of the general officers who commanded them, is now presented in a single volume.

Every important action in which Marine amphibious forces participated is fully covered. Although the written word has been held to a minimum, each photograph is accompanied by a full and accurate description of the event portrayed, tying together and integrating the individual pictures to make the entire work a living history.

Statements contributed by the generals round out the story by giving the commanders' own brief versions of how the major battles were fought and why they were won. Great tribute is paid to the valor and resourcefulness of the individual fighting man.

Marines who fought in the Pacific, and their families, will find this

unique book accurate and authoritative. Many will want to keep it for the rest of their lives, along with their other war mementos. If you fought with any of the Marine amphibious forces during the war, you will see your unit in action in this book. You may even see yourself or your best buddy. —J.F.M.

THE GOLDEN HAWK. By Frank Yerby. The Dial Press, New York. \$3.00.

THE usual components, lusty adventure, seething romance and the thrill of the chase, make up the familiar formula in this latest of Frank Yerby's historical novels.

In the latter days of the 17th Century, while imperialistic Spain is making her last ditch fight to retain New World conquests, Kit Gerado begins his lifelong search for revenge on Don Luis del Toro. From the Old World to the New World by way of the buccaneer Caribbean harbors of Sainte Domingue, Porto Bello, Cul-de-Sac and Cartagena in Spanish South America, Kit and the powerful Bernardo Diaz strike terror in the hearts of the Inquisitionists. His burning fire for revenge drives him mercilessly, leaving a trail of broken ships and desirous women in his wake.

Rouge, an English gentlewoman turns pirate, and hating the entire masculine sex, she whips, knives and shoots her way across the Caribbean. She succumbs to womanly weakness only when she realizes that The Golden Hawk, Kit, is the one man she cannot master, while to other men she remains their untouchable and extremely capable captain.

In spite of its historical clarity and piratical adventure, "The Golden Hawk" remains chiefly a tale of revenge and exotic love, highly typical of Yerby's writing. Although it is enjoyable reading, it appears neither better nor worse than the current bumper crop of historical novels.

—R.A.C.

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